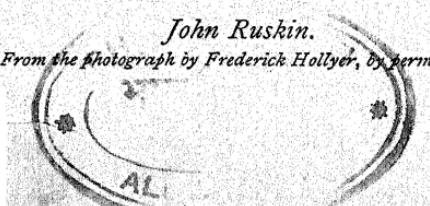


*John Ruskin.*

*(From the photograph by Frederick Hollyer, by permission.)*



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*Cameos of Literature*—VOLUME IV.

A BOOK OF  
ENGLISH PROSE

EDITED BY

W. JENKYN THOMAS, M.A.



1909

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## PREFACE.

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THIS book is intended for middle forms, and consequently narrative predominates.

The extracts are in chronological order, and the development of English prose may, to some extent, be observed from them. They are, with a few exceptions—those from authors nearly always included in school syllabuses—of considerable length (“scrappiness” in school books is rightly condemned). Some have been chosen to illustrate literature usually read in schools. For example, the selections from Holinshed and North’s “Plutarch” contain the material which Shakespeare transfused into “Henry V.” and “Julius Cæsar.” The excerpt from Gibbon supplies the historical background of Scott’s “Talisman.” Macaulay’s account of the tragedy of Monmouth gives the facts on which several historical novels, popular in schools, are based. Other extracts introduce young readers to books which they can reasonably be expected to read and enjoy, but which are not commonly read in schools—as, for example, the extracts from Mandeville, Pepys, Gilbert

White, Boswell, Southey, Kinglake, Carlyle, Ruskin, and Froude. "England's Forgotten Worthies," by the way, of which a portion is given, is the best introduction to Hakluyt.

"Cawnpore" is included because, as Mark Twain justly says, writers of books, especially, it may be added, of books for boys, "have the fashion of whizzing by vast and renowned historical events with the remark, 'The details of this tremendous episode are too familiar to the reader to need repeating here.' They know that this is not true. Apart from the desire to flatter the reader, they have another reason for making the remark. They do not remember the details themselves, and do not want the trouble of hunting them up and copying them."

The extract from the "Creevey Papers" is intended to exemplify the personal touches and intimate details of the literature of memoirs.

The best thanks of the editor and publishers for permission to use copyright material are tendered to the Right Honourable Sir George Otto Trevelyan for "Cawnpore," and to Mrs. Blackett Ord, the owner of the copyright of the "Creevey Papers," as well as to Sir Herbert Maxwell, the editor, and Mr. John Murray, the publisher, of the same.

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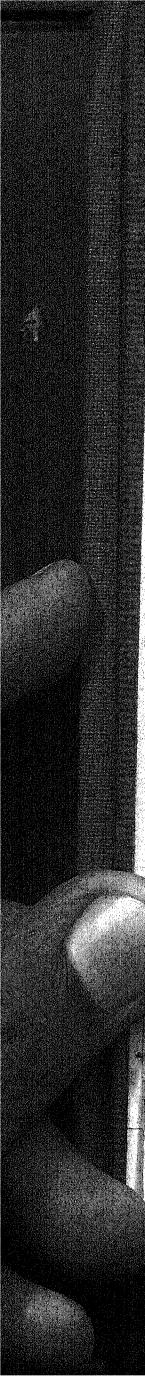
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*John Bunyan.*

*The writer of "two religious allegories, steeped in the purest  
and most ideal romance."*



*"Our prose has mainly been written without any other aim than the naïve transference of ideas or statement of facts."*—EDMUND GOSSE.

# A BOOK OF ENGLISH PROSE

## *PRESTER JOHN.*

SIR JOHN MANDEVILLE.

*Of the Royal Estate of Prester John, and wherefore  
the Emperor of Ind is clept Prester John.*

FROM the land of Bacharia go men by many days' journey through the land of Prester John, the great Emperor of Ind. And men call his realm the Isle of Pentexoire. This emperor, Prester John, holds full great land, and hath many full noble cities and good towns in his realm and many great divers isles and large. And the best city in the Isle of Pentexoire is Nyse, that is a full royal city and a noble, and full rich.

This Prester John hath under him many kings and many isles and many divers folk of divers conditions. And this land is full good and rich, but not so rich as is the land of the great Chan. For the merchants come not thither so commonly to buy merchandises as they do in the land of the great Chan, for it is too far to travel to. And therefore, albeit that men have greater cheapness in the isle of Prester John, nevertheless men dread the long way and the great perils in the sea in those parts.

For in many places of the sea be great rocks of stones of the adamant (or lode-stone), that of his own nature draweth iron to him. And therefore pass there no ships that have either bonds or nails of iron within them. And if they do, anon the rocks of the adamants draw them to them, that never they may go thence.

This emperor Prester John taketh always to wife the daughter of the great Chan, and the great Chan also in the same wise the daughter of Prester John; for these two be the greatest lords under the firmament.

In the land of Prester John be many divers things and many precious stones so great and so large that men make of them vessels as platters, dishes, and cups. This emperor Prester John is Christian, and a great part of his country also. And he hath under him seventy-two provinces, and in every province is a king. And these kings have kings under them, and all be tributaries to Prester John. This emperor Prester John when he goeth into battle against any other lord, he hath no banners borne before him, but he hath three crosses of gold, fine, great, and high, full of precious stones, and every one of the crosses be set in a chariot richly arrayed. And to keep every cross he ordained 10,000 men of arms and more than 100,000 men on foot, in manner as when men would keep a standard in our countries, when that we be in a land of war. And this number of folk is besides the principal host and besides the wings ordained for the battle. And when he hath no war, but rideth with a private company, then he hath borne before him but one cross of tree, without painting and without gold or silver or precious stones, in remembrance that Jesu Christ suf-

fered death upon a cross of wood. And he hath borne before him also a platter of gold full of earth, in token that his nobleness and his might and his flesh shall turn to earth. And he hath borne before him also a vessel of silver, full of noble jewels of gold full rich and of precious stones, in token of his lordship and of his nobleness and of his might.

He dwelleth commonly in the city of Susa. And there is his principal palace, that is so rich and noble that no man will believe it by estimation but he had seen it. And above the chief tower of the palace be two round pommels or balls of gold, and in each of them be two carbuncles great and large that shine full bright upon the night. And the principal gates of his palace be of precious stone that men call sardonyx, and the border and the bars be of ivory. And the windows of the halls and chambers be of crystal. And the tables whereon men eat, some be of emerald, some of amethyst, and some of gold full of precious stones: and the pillars that bear up the tables be of the same precious stones. And all the pillars in his chamber be of fine gold, with precious stones and with many carbuncles that give light upon the night to all people. And albeit that the carbuncles give light right enough, nevertheless at all time burneth a vessel of crystal full of balm, to give good smell and odour to the emperor and to void away all wicked eyes and corruptions.

This emperor Prester John hath evermore seven kings with him to serve him, and they share their services by certain months. And with these kings serve always seventy-two dukes and three hundred and sixty earls. And all the days of the year there eat in

his household and in his court twelve archbishops and twenty bishops. And there the patriarch of Saint Thomas is as the Pope here. And the archbishops and the bishops and the abbots in that country be all kings. And every one of these great lords know well enough the attendance of their service. The one is master of his household, another is his chamberlain, another serveth him with a dish, another with the cup, another is steward, another is marshal, another is prince of his arms: and thus is he full nobly and royally served.

I trow that ye know well enough and have heard say wherefore this emperor is clept Prester John. But nevertheless for them that know not I shall say to you the cause. It was sometime an emperor there that was a worthy and a full noble prince, that had Christian knights in his company, as he hath that is now there. So it befell that he had great list to see the service in the church among Christian men. And then endured Christendom beyond the sea, through all Turkey, Syria, Tartary, Jerusalem, Palestine, Arabia, Aleppo, and all the land of Egypt. And so it befell that this emperor came, with a Christian knight with him, into a church in Egypt. And it was a Saturday in Whitsun week. And the bishop was conferring orders. And he beheld and listened to the service full attentively. And he asked the Christian knight what men of degree they should be that the prelate had before him. And the knight answered and said that they should be priests. And the emperor said that he would no longer be clept king nor emperor, but priest, and that he would have the name of the first priest that went out of the church, and his name was John. And so evermore since he is clept Prester John.

*"THAT LAST WEIRD BATTLE IN  
THE WEST?"*

SIR THOMAS MALORY.

NEVER was there seen a more dolefuller battle in no Christian land: for there was but rushing and riding, foining and striking, and many a grim word was there spoken either to other and many a deadly stroke. And thus they fought all the day long, and never stinted till the noble knights were laid to the cold earth, and ever they fought still till it was near night, and by that time was there an hundred thousand laid dead upon the down.

Then was Arthur wood wroth out of measure when he saw his people so slain from him. Then the king looked about him, and then was he ware, of all his host and of all his good knights, were left no more alive but two knights: that one was Sir Lucan the Butler and his brother Sir Bedivere, and they were full sore wounded.

Then was King Arthur ware where Sir Mordred leaned upon his sword among a great heap of dead men. Now give me my spear, said Arthur unto Sir Lucan, for yonder I have espied the traitor that all this woe hath wrought. Then the king gat his spear in both his hands and ran towards Sir Mordred, crying, Traitor, now is thy death-day come. And when Sir Mordred heard Sir Arthur he ran until him with his sword drawn in his hand. And there King Arthur smote Sir Mordred under the shield with a foin of his spear

throughout the body more than a fathom. And when Sir Mordred felt that he had his death wound he thrust himself with the might that he had up to the bar of King Arthur's spear. And right so he smote Arthur, with his sword holden in both his hands, on the side of the head, that the sword pierced the helmet and the brain-pan, and therewithal Sir Mordred fell stark dead to the earth: and the noble Arthur fell in a swoon to the earth and there he swooned oft-times.

And Sir Lucan the Butler and Sir Bedivere oft-times heaved him up. And so weakly they led him betwixt them both to a little chapel not far from the seaside. And when the king was there he thought him well eased. By my rede, said Sir Lucan, it is best that we bring you to some town. I would it were so, said the king. Then Sir Lucan took up the king the one part and Sir Bedivere the other part, and in the lifting the king swooned: and Sir Lucan fell in a swoon with the lift, and therewithal the noble knight's heart brast. And when the king awoke he beheld Sir Lucan.

Alas, said the king, this is to me a full heavy sight, to see this noble duke so die for my sake, for he would have holpen me, that had more need of help than I: now Jesu have mercy upon his soul! Then Sir Bedivere wept for the death of his brother.

Leave this mourning and weeping, said the king, for all this will not avail me, for wit thou well an I might live myself, the death of Sir Lucan would grieve me evermore: but my time hieth fast, said the king. Therefore, said Arthur unto Sir Bedivere, take thou Excalibur, my good sword, and go with it to yonder water side, and when thou comest there I charge thee



*The Passing of Arthur.—W. Margetson, R.I.*

(1,40.)

2

throw my sword in that water and come again and tell me what thou there seest.

My lord, said Bedivere, your commandment shall be done, and lightly bring you word again. So Sir Bedivere departed, and by the way he beheld that noble sword that the pommel and the haft was all of precious stones: and then he said to himself: If I throw this rich sword in the water, thereof shall never come good, but harm and loss. And then Sir Bedivere hid Excalibur under a tree. And so, as soon as he might, he came again unto the king and said he had been at the water and had thrown the sword in the water.

What saw thou there? said the king. Sir, he said, I saw nothing but waves and winds. That is untruly said of thee, said the king, therefore go thou lightly again and do my commandment: as thou art to me lief and dear, spare not, but throw it in. Then Sir Bedivere returned again and took the sword in his hand: and then him thought sin and shame to throw away that noble sword, and so eft he hid the sword and returned again and told to the king that he had been at the water and done his commandment.

What saw thou there? said the king. Sir, he said, I saw nothing but the waters wappe and the waves wanne. Ah, traitor untrue, said King Arthur, now hast thou betrayed me twice. Who would have weened that, thou that hast been to me so lief and dear? And thou art named a noble knight and would betray me for the richness of the sword. But now go again lightly, for thy long tarrying putteth me in great jeopardy of my life, for I have taken cold. And but if thou do now as

I bid thee, if ever I may see thee, I shall slay thee with mine own hands, for thou wouldest for my rich sword see me dead.

Then Sir Bedivere departed and went to the sword and lightly took it up and went to the water side: and there he bound the girdle about the hilts, and then he threw the sword as far into the water as he might: and there came an arm and an hand above the water and met it and caught it and so shook it thrice and brandished, and then vanished away the hand with the sword in the water. So Sir Bedivere came again to the king and told him what he saw. Alas, said the king, help me hence, for I dread me I have tarried over long.

Then Sir Bedivere took the king upon his back and so went with him to that water side. And when they were at the water side, even fast by the bank hoved a little barge with many fair ladies in it, and among them all was a queen; and all they had black hoods, and all they wept and shrieked when they saw King Arthur.

Now put me into the barge, said the king. And so he did softly: and there received him three queens with great mourning, and so they set them down and in one of their laps King Arthur laid his head. And then that queen said, Ah, dear brother, why have ye tarried so long from me? Alas, this wound on your head hath caught over-much cold. And so then they rowed from the land, and Sir Bedivere beheld all those ladies go from him.

Then Sir Bedivere cried, Ah, my Lord Arthur, what shall become of me, now ye go from me and leave me here alone among mine enemies? Comfort thyself, said

the king, and do as well as thou mayest, for in me is no trust for to trust in: for I will into the vale of Avilion to heal me of my grievous wound: and if thou hear never more of me, pray for my soul. But ever the queens and ladies wept and shrieked, that it was pity to hear. And as soon as Sir Bedivere had lost the sight of the barge, he wept and wailed and so took the forest.



## *THE HEART OF KING ROBERT.*

*Lord Berners' Translation of Froissart.*

WHEN King Robert of Scotland felt that his end drew near, he sent for such barons and lords of his realm as he trusted best, and shewed them how there was no remedy with him, but he must needs leave this transitory life, commanding them on the faith and truth that they owed him, truly to keep the realm, and aid the young Prince David, his son, and that when he were of age [they should obey him and crown him king, and marry him in such a place as was convenient for his estate.

Then he called to him the gentle knight Sir James Douglas, and said before all the lords : "Sir James, my dear friend, ye know well that I have had much ado in my days to uphold and sustain the right of this realm, and when I had most ado I made a solemn vow the which as yet I have not accomplished, whereof I am right sorry: the which was, if I might achieve and make an end of all my wars so that I might once have brought this realm in rest and peace, then I promised in my mind to have gone and warred on Christ's enemies, adversaries to our holy Christian faith. To this purpose mine heart hath ever intended, but our Lord would not consent thereto, for I have had so much ado in my days, and now in my last enterprise I have taken such a malady that I cannot escape.

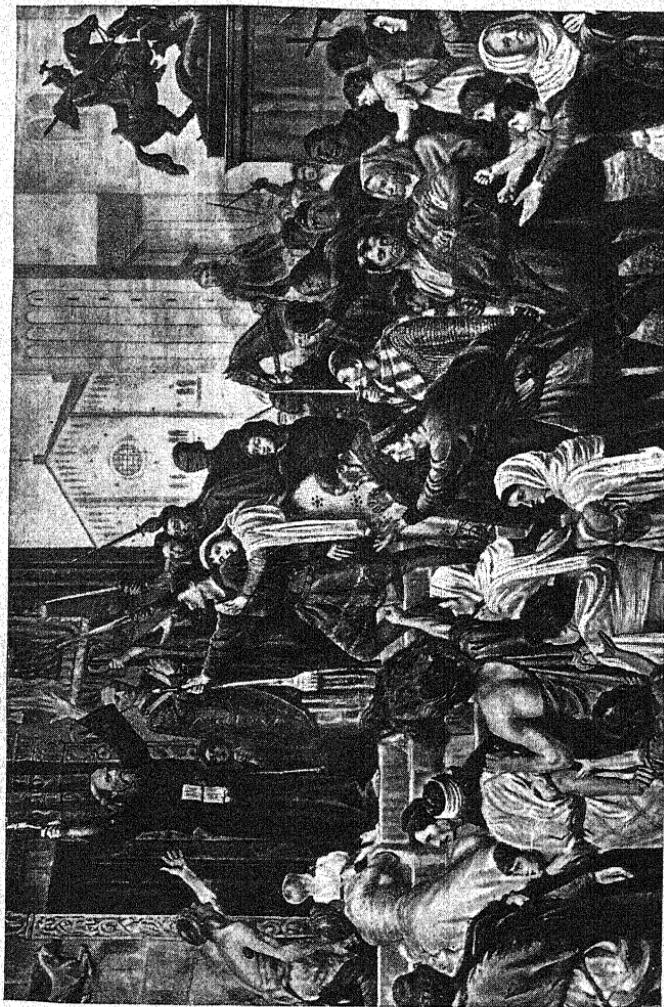
"And since it is so that my body cannot go nor

achieve that my heart desireth, I will send the heart instead of the body to accomplish mine avow. And because I know not in all my realm no knight more valiant than ye be, nor of body so well furnished to accomplish mine avow instead of myself, therefore I require you, mine own dear especial friend, that ye will take on you this voyage for the love of me, and to acquit my soul against my Lord God. For I trust so much in your nobleness and truth that if ye will take it on you I doubt not but that ye shall achieve it, and I declare then shall I die in more ease and quiet so that it be done in such manner as I shall declare unto you.

"I will that as soon as I am passed out of this world that ye take the heart out of my body and embalm it, and take of my treasure as ye shall think sufficient for that enterprise, both for yourself and such company as ye will take with you, and present my heart to the Holy Sepulchre, where our Lord lay, seeing my body cannot come there.

"And take with you such company and purveyance as shall be appertaining to your estate: and wheresoever ye come, let it be known how ye carry with you the heart of King Robert of Scotland at his instance and desire to be presented to the Holy Sepulchre."

Then all the lords that heard these words wept for pity, and when this knight Sir James Douglas might speak for weeping he said, "Ah, gentle and noble king, a hundred times I thank your grace of the great honour that ye do to me, since of so noble and great treasure ye give me the charge; and, sir, I shall do with a glad heart all that ye have commanded me to the



*The Preaching of the First Crusade: "God wills it!"* — By James Archer, R.S.A.

(By permission of the Autotype Company.)

best of my true power: howbeit I am not worthy nor sufficient to achieve such a noble enterprise."

Then the king said, "Ah, gentle knight, I thank you so that ye will promise to do it."

"Sir," said the knight, "I shall do it undoubtedly by the faith I owe to God and to the order of knighthood."

"Then I thank you," said the king, "for now shall I die in more ease of my mind, since I know that the most worthy and sufficient knight of my realm shall achieve for me that which I could never attain unto."

And thus soon afterwards this noble Robert Bruce, King of Scotland, passed out of this uncertain world, and his heart was taken out of his body and embalmed, and honourably he was interred in the Abbey of Dunfermline in the year of our Lord God 1329, the seventh day of the month of June.

Then Sir James Douglas purveyed him of that which appertained for his enterprise, and took his ship at the port of Montrose in Scotland and sailed into Flanders, to Sluys, to hear tidings and to know if there were any noblemen in that country that would go to Jerusalem, to the intent to have more company.

And he lay still at Sluys the space of twelve days before he departed, but he would never come aland but still kept his ship, and kept always his port and behaviour with great triumph, with trumpets and clarions, as though he had been King of Scots himself. And in his company there was a knight-banneret and seven other knights of the realm of Scotland, and twenty-six young squires and gentlemen to serve him. And all his vessels were of gold and silver—pots,

basins, ewers, dishes, flagons, barrels, cups, and all other things: and all such as would come and see him, they were well served with two manner of wines and divers manner of spices, all manner of people according to their degrees.

And when he had thus tarried there the space of twelve days, he heard reported that Alphonso, King of Spain, made war against a Saracen king of Granada. Then he thought to draw to that part, thinking surely he could not bestow his time more nobly than to war against God's enemies: and that enterprise done, then he thought to go forth to Jerusalem and to achieve that he was charged with.

And so he departed and took the sea toward Spain, and arrived at the port of Valenza the great. Then he went straight to the King of Spain, who held his host against the King of Granada, Saracen, and they were near together on the frontiers of his land.

And within a while after that this knight Sir James Douglas was come to the King of Spain, on a day the king issued out into the field to approach near to his enemies. And the King of Granada issued out in like wise on his part so that each king might see other with all their banners displayed. Then they arranged their battalions each against other.

Then Sir James Douglas drew out on the one side with all his company, to the intent to shew his prowess the better. And when he saw these battalions thus ranged on both parties, and saw that the battalion of the King of Spain began somewhat to advance toward their enemies, he thought then verily that they should soon assemble together to fight at hand-strokes: and

then he thought rather to be with the foremost than with the hindermost, and struck his horse with his spurs, and all his company also, and dashed into the battalion of the King of Granada, crying, "Douglas! Douglas!" weening the King of Spain and his host had followed, but they did not: therefore he was deceived, for the Spanish host stood still.

And so this gentle knight was enclosed and all his company by the Saracens, where he did marvels in arms, but finally he could not endure, so that he and all his company were slain: the which was great pity that the Spaniards would not rescue them.

## HENRY V.

RAPHAEL HOLINSHED.

### *The Resolve on Invasion.*

IN the second year of his reign, King Henry called his high court of Parliament in the town of Leicester.

On day in the Parliament, Henry Chichely, Archbishop of Canterbury, made a pithy oration, wherein he declared how not only the duchies of Normandy and Aquitaine, with the counties of Anjou and Maine and the country of Gascony, were by undoubted title appertaining to the king, as to the lawful and only heir of the same, but also the whole realm of France, as heir to his great-grandfather, King Edward III.

Herein did he much inveigh against the surmised and false feigned law Salic, which the Frenchmen allege ever against the kings of England in bar of their just title to the crown of France. The very words of that supposed law are these, "In terram Salicam mulieres ne succedant :" that is to say, Into the Salic land let not women succeed. Which the French glossers expound to be the realm of France, and that this law was made by King Pharamond : whereas yet their own authors affirm that the land Salic is in Germany, between the rivers of Elbe and Sala : and that when Charles the Great had overcome the Saxons, he placed there certain Frenchmen, which having in disdain the dishonest manners of the German women,

made a law that the females should not succeed to any inheritance within that land, which at this day is called Meisen; so that if this be true, this law was not made for the realm of France, nor the Frenchmen possessed the land Salic till 421 years after the death of Pharamond, the supposed maker of this Salic law, for this Pharamond deceased in the year 426, and Charles the Great subdued the Saxons and placed the Frenchmen in those parts beyond the river of Sala in the year 805.

Moreover, it appeareth by their own writers that King Pepin, which deposed Childeric, claimed the crown of France as heir general, for that he was descended of Blithild, daughter to King Clothair the First: Hugh Capet also, who usurped the crown upon Charles, Duke of Lorraine, the sole heir male of the line and stock of Charles the Great, to make his title seem true and appear good, though indeed it was stark naught, conveyed himself as heir to the lady Lingard, daughter to King Charlemagne, son to Lewis, the emperor that was son to Charles the Great. King Lewis also the Tenth, otherwise called Saint Lewis, being very heir to the said usurper Hugh Capet, could never be satisfied in his conscience how he might justly keep and possess the crown of France till he was persuaded and fully instructed that Queen Isabel, his grandmother, was lineally descended of the lady Ermengard, daughter and heir to the above named Charles, Duke of Lorraine, by the which marriage the blood and line of Charles the Great was again united and restored to the crown and sceptre of France, so that more clear than the sun it openly appeareth that the title of King Pepin, the claim of Hugh Capet, the possession



*St. Lewis of France refusing to be King of the Saracens.*  
*(From the painting by Cabanel—Neurdein Photo.)*

of Lewis, yea, and the French kings to this day are derived and conveyed from the heir female, though they would under the colour of such a feigned law bar the kings and princes of this realm of England of their right and lawful inheritance.

The archbishop further alleged out of the book of Numbers this saying, "When a man dieth without a son, let the inheritance descend to his daughter." At length, having said sufficiently for the proof of the king's just and lawful title to the crown of France, he exhorted him to advance forth his banner to fight for his right, to conquer his inheritance, to spare neither blood, sword, nor fire, sith his war was just, his cause good, and his claim true. And to the intent his loving chaplains and obedient subjects of the spirituallt might shew themselves willing and desirous to aid his majesty for the recovery of his ancient right and true inheritance, the archbishop declared that in their spiritual convocation they had granted to his highness such a sum of money as never by no spiritual persons was to any prince before those days given or advanced.

When the archbishop had ended his prepared tale, Ralph Nevil, Earl of Westmoreland, and as then Lord Warden of the Marches against Scotland, understanding that the king would surely take the wars in hand, thought right to move the king to begin first with Scotland, concluding the sum of his tale with this old saying that "Who so will France win, must with Scotland first begin." Many matters he touched, as well to shew how necessary the conquest of Scotland should be, as also to prove how just a cause the king had to attempt it.

But after he had made an end, the Duke of Exeter replied against the Earl of Westmoreland's oration, affirming rather that he which would Scotland win, he with France must first begin. For if the king might once compass the conquest of France, Scotland could not long resist, France being to Scotland the same that the sap is to the tree, which being taken away, the tree must needs die and wither.

*The Story of the Tennis Balls.*

WHILST in the Lent season the king lay at Killingworth there came to him from Charles, Dolphin of France, certain ambassadors that brought with them a barrel of Paris balls: which from their master they presented to him for a token that was taken in very ill part as sent in scorn to signify that it was more meet for the king to pass the time with such childish exercise than to attempt any worthy exploit.

Wherefore the king wrote to him that ere any long time he would toss him some London balls that perchance should shake the walls of the best court in France.

*The Conspiracy at Southampton.*

THE night before the day appointed for their departure, King Henry was credibly informed that Richard, Earl of Cambridge, brother to Edward, Duke of York, and Henry, Lord Scroop of Masham, Lord Treasurer, with Thomas Gray, a knight of Northumberland, had con-

spired his death: wherefore he caused them to be apprehended. The said Lord Scroop was in such favour with the king that he admitted sometime to be his bedfellow, in whose fidelity the king reposed such trust that when any private or public counsel was in hand, this lord had much in the determination of it. Also the said Sir Thomas Gray (as some write) was of the king's Privy Council.

These prisoners upon their examination confessed that for a great sum of money which they had received of the French king they intended verily either to have delivered the king alive into the hands of his enemies or else to have murdered him before he should arrive in the duchy of Normandy. When King Henry had heard all things opened which he desired to know, he caused all his nobility to come before his presence, before whom he caused to be brought the offenders also, and to them said, "Having thus conspired the death and destruction of me, which am the head of the realm and governor of the people, it may be (no doubt) but that you likewise have sworn the confusion of all that are here with me, and also the desolation of your own country. To what horror (O Lord) for any true English heart to consider, that such an execrable iniquity should ever so bewray you as for pleasing of a foreign enemy to imbrue your hands in your blood and to ruin your own native soil. Revenge herein touching my person though I seek not, yet for the safeguard of you, my dear friends, and for due preservation of all sort, I am by office to cause example to be shewed. Get ye hence, therefore, ye poor, miserable wretches, to the receiving of your just re-

ward, wherein God's majesty give you grace of His mercy and repentance of your heinous offence." And so immediately they were had to execution.

*The Siege of Harfleur.*

THE next day after his landing he marched toward the town of Harfleur: he besieged it on every side, raising bulwarks and a bastell. And daily was the town assaulted; for the Duke of Gloucester, to whom the order of the siege was committed, made three mines under the ground, and approaching to the walls, with his engines and ordnance would not suffer them within to take any rest.

The captains within the town, perceiving that they were not able long to resist the continual assaults of the Englishmen, sent an officer of arms to beseech the King of England to appoint some certain persons as commissioners from him with whom they within might treat about some agreement. The king advertised hereof sent them word that except they would surrender the town to him the morrow next ensuing without any condition, they should spend no more time in talk about the matter. The king, nevertheless, was after content to grant a respite upon certain conditions that the captains within might have time to send to the French king for succour. To whom the Dolphin answered that the king's power was not yet assembled in such number as was convenient to raise so great a siege. This answer being brought upon the captains within the town, they rendered it up to the King of

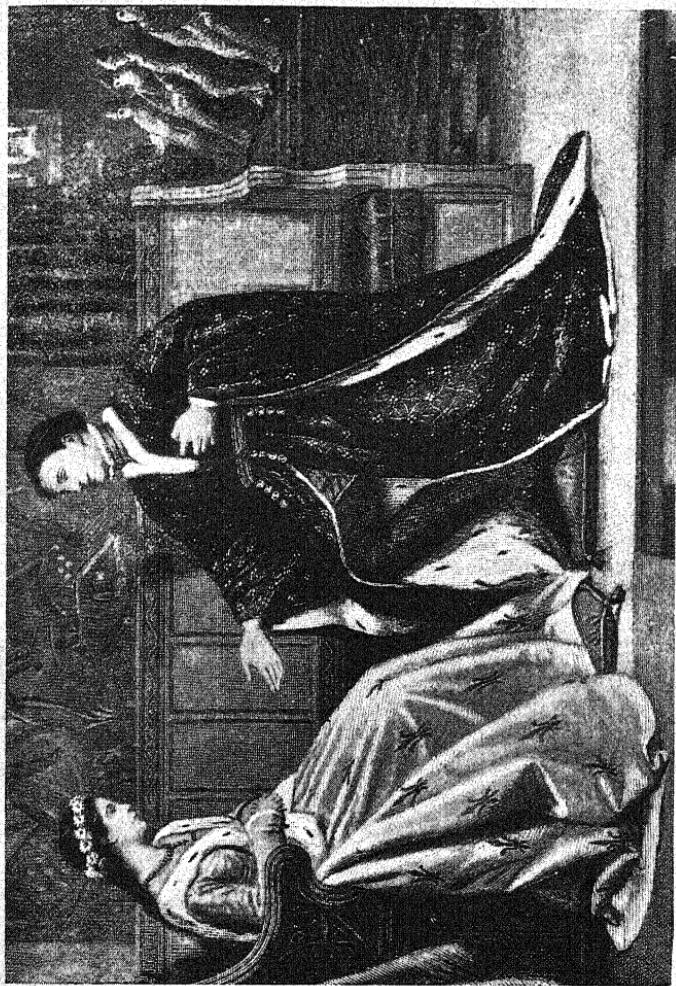
England. The soldiers were ransomed and the town sacked, to the great gain of the Englishmen. All this done, the king ordained captain to the town his uncle, the Duke of Exeter.

King Henry, after the winning of Harfleur, determined to have proceeded further in the winning of other towns and fortresses: but because the dead time of the winter approached, it was determined by advice of his council that he should in all convenient speed set forward and march through the country towards Calais by land, lest his return as then homewards should of slanderous tongues be named a running away: and yet that journey was adjudged perilous, by reason that the number of his people was much diminished by the flux and other fevers, which sore vexed and brought to death above 1,500 persons of the army: and this was the cause that his return was the sooner appointed and concluded.

*The Battle of Agincourt.*

KING HENRY found on his march a shallow which never was espied before, at which he with his army and carriages passed the water of Somme without let or danger, and therewith determined to make haste towards Calais and not to seek for battle except he were thereto constrained, because that his army by sickness was sore diminished in so much that he had but only 2,000 horsemen and 13,000 archers, billmen, and of all sorts of other footmen.

The Englishmen were brought into some distress in this journey by reason of their victuals in manner spent



*Henry V. and Catherine of France.*

*(From the picture by W. R. Yeames, R.A.)*

and no hope to get more, for the enemies had destroyed all the corn before they came. Rest could they none take, for their enemies with alarms did ever so infest them; daily it rained and nightly it freezed; of fuel there was great scarcity, of fluxes plenty; money enough but wares for their relief to bestow it on had they none. Yet in this great necessity the poor people of the country were not spoiled nor anything taken of them without payment, nor any outrage or offence done by the Englishmen, except one, which was that a soldier took a pix out of a church, for which he was apprehended, and the king not once removed till the box was restored and the offender strangled.

The French king being at Rouen, and hearing that King Henry was passed the river Somme, was much displeased therewith, and assembling his council to the number of five-and-thirty, asked their advice what was to be done. Thirty of them agreed that the Englishmen should not depart unsought withal, and five were of a contrary opinion, but the greater number ruled the matter: and so Mountjoy King-at-arms was sent to the King of England to defy him as the enemy of France, and to tell him that he should shortly have battle. King Henry advisedly answered, "Mine intent is to do as it pleaseth God. I will not seek your master at this time, but if he or his seek me, I will meet with them, God willing. If any of your nation attempt once to stop me in my journey now towards Calais, at their jeopardy be it, and yet I wish not any of you so unadvised as to be the occasion that I dye your tawny ground with your red blood."

When he had thus answered the herald he gave him

a princely reward and license to depart. Upon whose return with this answer it was incontinently on the French side proclaimed that all men of war should resort to the Constable to fight with the King of England. Whereupon all such apt for armour and desirous of honour drew them toward the field. The Dolphin sore desired to have been at the battle, but he was prohibited by his father.

The King of England hearing that the Frenchmen approached, and that there was another river for him to pass with his army by a bridge, and doubting lest if the same bridge should be broken it would be greatly to his hindrance, appointed certain captains with their bands to go thither with all speed before him and to take possession thereof, and so keep it till his coming thither.

Those that were sent, finding the Frenchmen busy to break down the bridge, assailed them so vigorously that they discomfited them and took and slew them ; and so the bridge was preserved till the king came and passed the river by the same with his whole army. The Duke of York, that led the vanguard (after the army was passed the river), mounted up to the height of a hill with his people and sent out scouts to discover the country, the which upon their return advertised him that a great army of Frenchmen was at hand, approaching towards them. The duke declared to the king what he had heard, and the king thereupon rode forth to view his adversaries, and that done, returned to his people and with cheerful countenance caused them to be put in order of battle, and so kept them still in that order till night was come, and then determined to seek a place to encamp and lodge his army in for that night.

By chance they happened upon a beaten way, white in sight; by the which they were brought into a little village where they were refreshed with meat and drink somewhat more plenteously than they had been divers days before. Order was taken by commandment from the king, after the army was first set in battle array, that no noise or clamour should be made in the host; so that in marching forth to this village every man kept himself quiet: but at their coming into the village, fires were made to give light on every side, as there likewise were in the French host, which was encamped not past 250 paces distant from the Englishmen, to the number (as some write) of threescore thousand horsemen, besides footmen, wagoners, and others.

They were lodged even in the way by the which the Englishmen must needs pass towards Calais, and all the night after their coming thither made great cheer and were very merry, pleasant, and full of game. The Englishmen also for their parts were of good comfort and nothing abashed of the matter, and yet they were both hungry, weary, sore-travelled, and vexed with many cold diseases. Howbeit reconciling themselves with God by housell and shrift, requiring assistance at His hands that is the only giver of victory, they determined rather to die than to yield or flee. The day following was the 25th of October in the year 1415, being then Friday and the feast of Crispin and Crispinian, a day fair and fortunate to the English, but most sorrowful and unlucky to the French.

In the morning the French captains made three battles, and being ordered under their standards and banners made a great show; for surely they were

esteemed in number six times as many or more than was the whole company of the Englishmen with wagoners, pages, and all. They rested themselves, waiting for the bloody blast of the terrible trumpet, till the hour between nine and ten of the clock of the same day.

King Henry, by reason of his small number of people to fill up his battles, placed his vanguard so on the right hand of the main battle which himself led that the distance betwixt them might scarce be perceived, and so in like case was the rearward joined on the left hand, that the one might the more readily succour another in time of need. When he had thus ordered his battles, he left a small company to keep his camp and carriage which remained still in the village, and then calling his captains and soldiers about him, he made a right grave oration, moving them to play the men, whereby to obtain a glorious victory, as there was hope certain they should, the rather if they would but remember the just cause for which they fought and whom they should encounter, such faint-hearted people as their ancestors had so often overcome. To conclude, many words of courage he uttered, to stir them to do manfully, assuring them that England should never be charged with his ransom, nor any Frenchman triumph over him as a captive; for either by famous death or glorious victory would he (by God's grace) win honour and fame.

It is said that as he heard one of the host utter his wish to another thus, "I would to God there were with us now so many good soldiers as are at this hour within England," the king answered, "I would not

wish a man more here than I have. We are indeed in comparison to the enemies but a few, but if God of His clemency do favour us and our just cause, we shall speed well enough. And if so be that for our offences' sake we shall be delivered into the hands of our enemies, the less number we be, the less damage shall the realm of England sustain." Whilst the king was yet thus in speech, either army so maligned the other, being as then in open sight, that every man cried "Forward! forward!" The Frenchmen in the meanwhile, as though they had been sure of victory, made great triumph, for the captains had determined before how to divide the spoil, and the soldiers the night before had played the Englishmen at dice. The noble men had devised a chariot wherein they might triumphantly convey the king captive to the city of Paris.

Here we may not forget how the French thus in their jollity sent an herald to King Henry to inquire what ransom he would offer. Whereunto he answered that within two or three hours he hoped it would so happen that the Frenchmen should be glad to commune rather with the Englishmen for their ransoms than the English to take thought for their deliverance, promising for his own part that his dead carcass should rather be a prize to the Frenchmen than that his living body should pay any ransom.

The king that day shewed himself a valiant knight, albeit almost felled by the Duke of Alençon; yet with plain strength he slew two of the duke's company and felled the duke himself. In conclusion, the king, minding to make an end of that day's journey, caused his

horsemen to fetch a compass round and to join with him against the rearward of the Frenchmen, in the which was the greatest number of people. When the Frenchmen perceived his intent, they were suddenly amazed and ran away like sheep without order or array. Which when the king perceived he encouraged his men and followed so quickly upon the enemies that they ran hither and thither, casting away their armour ; many on their knees desired to have their lives saved.

In the mean season, while the battle thus continued and that the Englishmen had taken a great number of prisoners, certain Frenchmen on horseback, to the number of six hundred, which were the first that fled, hearing that the English tents and pavilions were a good way distant from the army without any sufficient guard to defend the same, either upon a covetous meaning to gain by the spoil, or upon a desire to be revenged, entered upon the king's camp, and there spoiled the hails, robbed the tents, brake up chests, and carried away caskets, and slew such servants as they found to make any resistance. For which treason in thus leaving their camp at the very point of fight, for winning of spoil where none to defend it, very many were after committed to prison, and had lost their lives if the Dolphin had longer lived.

But when the outcry of the lackeys and boys which ran away for fear of the Frenchmen thus spoiling the camp came to the king's ears, he doubting lest his enemies should gather together again and begin a new field, and mistrusting further that the prisoners would be an aid to his enemies, or the very enemies to their takers in deed, if they were suffered to live, contrary to

his accustomed gentleness, commanded by sound of trumpet that every man (upon pain of death) should incontinently slay his prisoner. When this dolorous decree and pitiful proclamation was pronounced, pity it was to see how some Frenchmen were suddenly sticked with daggers, some were brained with pole-axes, some slain with malls, others had their throats cut, so that in effect, having respect to the great number, few prisoners were saved.

When this lamentable slaughter was ended, the Englishmen disposed themselves in order of battle, ready to abide a new field and also to invade and newly set on their enemies. With great force they assailed the Earls of Marle and Fauconbridge with six hundred men of arms, who had all that day kept together, but now slain and beaten down out of hand. Some write that the king, perceiving his enemies in one part to assemble together as though they meant to give a new battle for preservation of the prisoners, sent to them an herald commanding them either to depart out of his sight or else to come forward at once and give battle: promising therewith that if they did offer to fight again, not only those prisoners which his people already had taken but also so many of them as in this new conflict which they thus attempted should fall into his hands should die the death without redemption.

The Frenchmen, fearing the sentence of so terrible a decree, without further delay parted out of the field. And so, about four of the clock in the afternoon, the king when he saw no appearance of enemies caused the retreat to be blown, and gathering his army together, gave thanks to almighty God for so happy a victory,

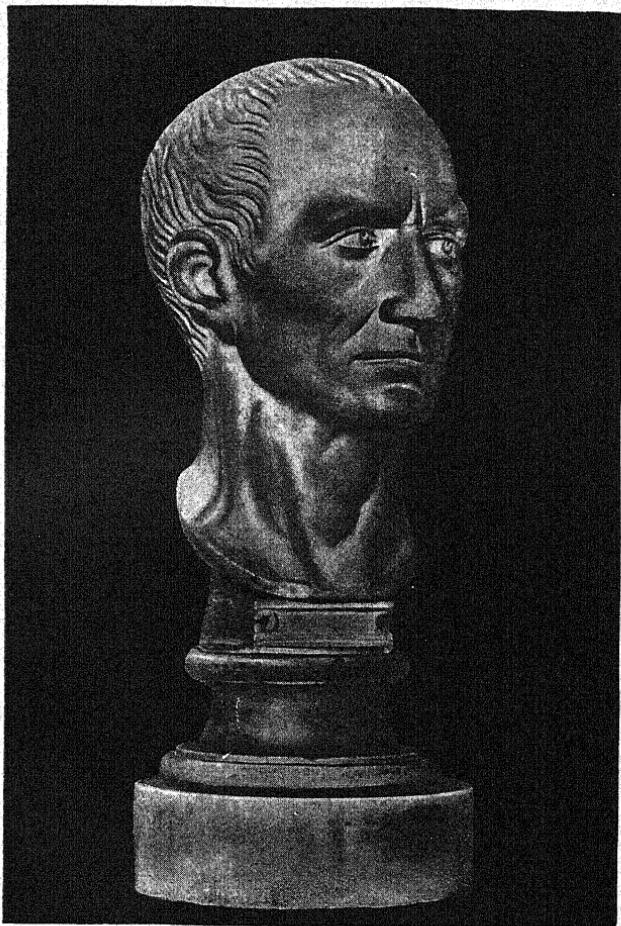
causing his prelates and chaplains to sing this psalm : *In exitu Israel de Aegypto*, and commanded every man to kneel down on the ground at this verse *Non nobis, Domine, non nobis, sed nomini tuo da gloriam*. Which done, he caused *Te Deum*, with certain anthems, to be sung, giving laud and praise to God, without boasting of his own force or any human power. That night he and his people took rest, and refreshed themselves with such victuals as they found in the French camp, but lodged in the same village where he lay the night before.

In the morning Mountjoy King-at-arms and four other French heralds came to the king to know the number of prisoners and to desire burial for the dead. Before he made them answer (to understand what they would say) he demanded of them why they made to him that request, considering that he knew not whether the victory was his or theirs? When Mountjoy by true and just confession had cleared that doubt to the high praise of the king, he desired of Mountjoy to understand the name of the castle near adjoining : when they had told him that it was called Agincourt, he said, "Then shall this conflict be called the battle of Agincourt." He feasted the French officers of arms that day and granted them their request, which busily sought through the field for such as were slain. But the Englishmen suffered them not to go alone, for they searched with them and found many hurt, but not in jeopardy of their lives, whom they took prisoners and brought to their tents. When the King of England had well refreshed himself and his soldiers that had taken the spoil of such as were slain, he with his prisoners in good order returned to the town of Calais.

## THE MIGHTIEST JULIUS.

*Sir Thomas North's Translation of Plutarch.*

THE Romans, supposing that to be ruled by one man alone would be a good mean for them to take breath a little after so many troubles and miseries abidden in these civil wars, they chose him perpetual dictator. This was a plain tyranny: for to this absolute power of dictator they added this, never to be afraid to be deposed. For himself, after he had ended his civil wars, he did so honourably behave himself that there was no fault to be found in him; and therefore methinks, amongst other honours they gave him he rightly deserved this, that they should build him a temple of clemency, to thank him for his courtesy he had used unto them in his victory. For he pardoned many of them that had borne arms against him, and furthermore did prefer some of them to honour and office in the commonwealth: as, amongst other, Cassius and Brutus, both the which were made praetors. When some of his friends did counsel him to have a guard for the safety of his person, and some also did offer themselves to serve him, he would never consent to it, but said it was better to die once than always to be afraid of death. But his enemies, notwithstanding, that envied his greatness did not stick to find fault. As Cicero the orator, when one said, "To-morrow the star Lyra will rise," "Yea," said he, "at the commandment of Cæsar," as if men were compelled so to say



*Julius Cæsar.*

and think, by Cæsar's edict. But the chiefest cause that made him mortally hated was the covetous desire he had to be called king, which first gave the people just cause, and next his secret enemies honest colour, to bear him ill-will. This notwithstanding, they that procured him this honour and dignity gave it out among the people that it was written in the Sibylline prophecies how the Romans might overcome the Parthians if they made war with them and were led by a king, but otherwise that they were unconquerable. And furthermore they were so bold besides, that, Cæsar returning to Rome from the city of Alba, when they came to salute him they called him king. But the people being offended and Cæsar also angry, he said he was not called king but Cæsar. Then every man keeping silence, he went his way heavy and sorrowful. When they had decreed divers honours for him in the Senate, the consuls and prætors accompanied with the whole assembly of the Senate went unto him in the market-place, where he was set by the pulpit for orations, to tell him what honours they had decreed for him in his absence. But he, sitting still in his majesty, disdaining to rise up unto them when they came in, as if they had been private men, answered them that his honours had more need to be cut off than enlarged. This did not only offend the Senate but the common people also to see that he should so lightly esteem of the magistrates of the commonwealth: insomuch as every man that might lawfully go his way departed thence very sorrowfully. Thereupon also Cæsar, rising, departed home to his house, and tearing open his doublet collar, making his neck bare, he cried aloud

to his friends that his throat was ready to offer to any man that would come and cut it. Notwithstanding, it is reported that afterwards, to excuse this folly, he imputed it to his disease, saying that their wits are not perfect which have his disease of the falling evil when standing on their feet they speak to the common people, but are soon troubled with a trembling of their body and a sudden dimness and giddiness. But that was not true.

At that time the feast Lupercalia was celebrated, the which in old time men say was the feast of shepherds or herdmen. That day there are divers noblemen's sons, young men (and some of them magistrates themselves that govern them), which run naked through the city, striking in sport them they meet in their way with leather thongs. Cæsar sat to behold that sport upon the pulpit for orations, in a chair of gold, apparelled in triumphing manner. Antonius, who was consul at that time, was one of them that ran this holy course. So when he came into the market-place the people made a lane for him to run at liberty, and he came to Caesar and presented to him a diadem wreathed about with laurel. Whereupon there rose a certain cry of rejoicing, not very great, done only by a few appointed for the purpose. But when Cæsar refused the diadem, then all the people together made an outcry of joy. Then Antonius offering it him again there was a second shout of joy, but yet of a few. But when Cæsar refused it again the second time, then all the whole people shouted. Cæsar, having made this proof, found that the people did not like it, and thereupon rose out of his chair and commanded the crown to be carried

unto Jupiter in the Capitol. After that there were set up images of Cæsar in the city with diadems upon their heads like kings. Those the two tribunes Flavius and Marullus went and pulled down: and furthermore meeting with them that first saluted Cæsar as king, they committed them to prison. The people followed them, rejoicing at it, and called them Brutes, because of Brutus, who had in old time driven the kings out of Rome, and that brought the kingdom of one person unto the government of the Senate and people. Cæsar was so offended withal that he deprived Marullus and Flavius of their tribuneships, and accusing them he spake also against the people and called them *Bruti* and *Cumanī*, to wit, beasts and fools.

Hereupon the people went straight unto Marcus Brutus, who from his father came of the first Brutus, and by his mother of the house of the Servilians, a noble house as any was in Rome, and was also nephew and son-in-law of Marcus Cato. Notwithstanding, the great honours and favour Cæsar showed unto him kept him back that of himself alone he did not conspire nor consent to depose him of his kingdom. For Cæsar did not only save his life after the battle of Pharsalia, when Pompey fled, and did at his request also save many moe of his friends besides, but furthermore he put a marvellous confidence in him. For he had already preferred him to the prætorship for that year, and furthermore was appointed to be consul, the fourth year after that, having through Cæsar's friendship obtained it before Cassius, who likewise made suit for the same: and Cæsar also, as it is reported, said in this contention, "Indeed Cassius hath alleged best

reason, but yet shall he not be chosen before Brutus." Some one day accusing Brutus while he practised this conspiracy, Cæsar would not hear of it, but told them, "Brutus will look for this skin," meaning thereby that Brutus for his virtue deserved to rule after him, but yet that for ambition's sake he would not show himself unthankful or dishonourable.

Now they that desired change and wished Brutus only their prince and governor above all other, they durst not come to him, but in the night did cast sundry papers into the prætor's seat, where he gave audience, and the most to this effect, "Thou sleepest, Brutus, and art not Brutus indeed." Cassius, finding Brutus' ambition stirred up the more by these seditious bills, did prick him forward and egg him on the more for a private quarrel he had conceived against Cæsar. Cæsar also had Cassius in great jealousy and suspected him much: whereupon he said on a time to his friends, "What will Cassius do, think ye? I like not his pale looks." Another time when Cæsar's friends complained unto him of Antonius and Dolabella that they pretended some mischief towards him, he answered them again, "As for those fat men and smooth-combed heads," quoth he, "I never reckon of them; but these pale-visaged and carrion lean people, I fear them most:" meaning Brutus and Cassius.

Certainly destiny may easier be foreseen than avoided, considering the strange and wonderful signs that were to be seen before Cæsar's death. For touching the fires in the element and spirits running up and down in the night and also the solitary birds to be seen at noondays sitting in the great market-place,

are not all these signs perhaps worth the noting in such a wonderful chance as happened? But Strabo the philosopher writeth that divers men were seen going up and down in fire: and furthermore, that there was a slave of the soldiers that did cast a marvellous burning flame out of his hand, insomuch as they that saw it thought he had been burnt, but when the fire was out it was found he had no hurt. Cæsar himself, doing sacrifice unto the gods, found that one of the beasts which was sacrificed had no heart: and that was a strange thing in nature, how a beast could live without a heart. Furthermore, there was a certain soothsayer that had given Cæsar warning long time afore, to take heed of the day of the Ides of March (which is the fifteenth of the month), for on that day he should be in great danger. That day being come, Cæsar, going unto the Senate-house and speaking merrily unto the soothsayer, told him, "The Ides of March be come." "So be they," softly answered the soothsayer, "but yet are they not past." And the very day before, Cæsar, supping with Marcus Lepidus, sealed certain letters as he was wont to do at the board: so talk falling out amongst them, reasoning what death was best, he, preventing their opinions, cried out aloud, "Death unlooked for." Then going to bed the same night, as his manner was, and lying with his wife, Calpurnia, all the windows and doors of his chamber flying open, the noise awoke him, and made him afraid when he saw such light; but more when he heard his wife, Calpurnia, being fast asleep, weep and sigh, and put forth many fumbling, lamentable speeches. For she dreamed that Cæsar was slain and that she had

him in her arms. Others also do deny that she had any such dream, as amongst other Titus Livius writeth that it was in this sort. The Senate having set upon the top of Cæsar's house for an ornament and setting forth of the same a certain pinnacle, Calpurnia dreamed that she saw it broken down and that she thought she lamented and wept for it. Insomuch that Cæsar rising in the morning she prayed him if it were possible not to go out of the doors that day, but to adjourn the session of the Senate until another day. And if that he made no reckoning of her dream, yet that he woul<sup>d</sup> search further of the soothsayers by their sacrifices to know what should happen him that day. Thereby it seemed that Cæsar likewise did fear and suspect somewhat, because his wife, Calpurnia, until that time was never given to any fear or superstition: and then, for that he saw her so troubled in mind with this dream she had. But much more afterwards when the soothsayers having sacrificed many beasts one after another told him that none did like them: then he determined to send Antonius to adjourn the session of the Senate.

But in the meantime came Decius Brutus, surnamed Albinus, in whom Cæsar put such confidence that in his last will and testament he had appointed him to be his next heir, and yet was of the conspiracy with Cassius and Brutus: he, fearing that if Cæsar did adjourn the session that day the conspiracy would out, laughed the soothsayers to scorn and reproved Cæsar, saying that he gave the Senate occasion to mislike him, and that they might think he mocked them, considering that by his commandment they were assembled and that they were ready willingly to grant him all things

and to proclaim him king of all the provinces of the empire of Rome out of Italy, and that he should wear his diadem in all other places both by sea and land. And furthermore that if any man should tell them from him that they should depart for that present time and return again when Calpurnia should have better dreams, what would his enemies and ill-willers say, and how could they like of his friends' words? And who could persuade them otherwise but that they would think his dominion a slavery unto them and tyrannical in himself? "And yet, if it be so," said he, "that you utterly mislike of this day, it is better that you go yourself in person and saluting the Senate to dismiss them till another time." Therewithal he took Cæsar by the hand and brought him out of his house.

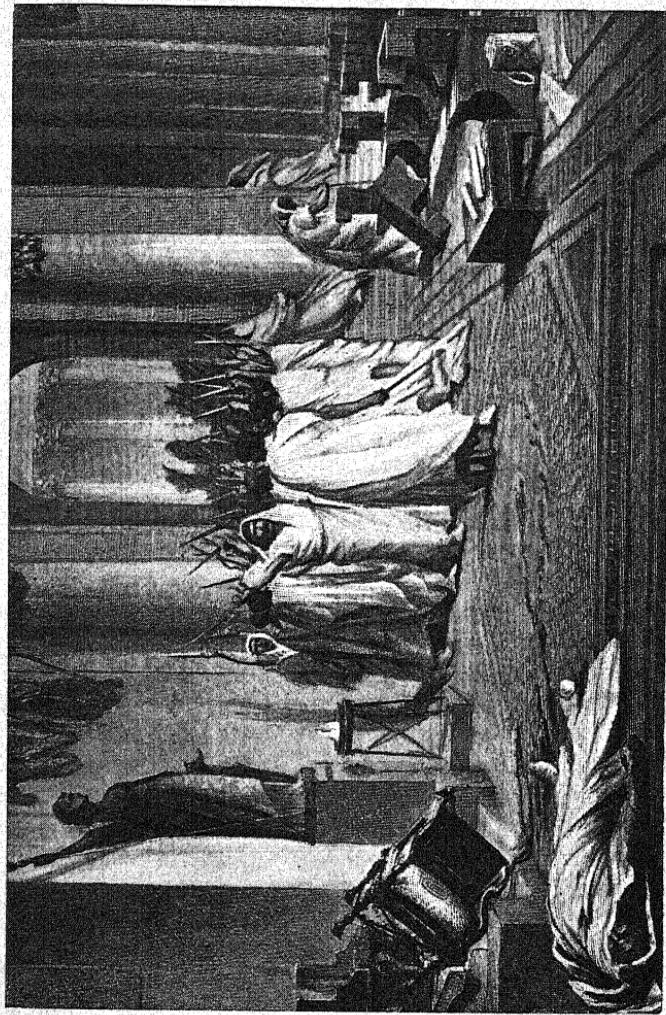
Cæsar was not gone far from his house but a bondman, a stranger, did what he could to speak with him; and when he saw he was put back by the great press and multitude of people that followed him, he went straight into his house and put himself into Calpurnia's hands to be kept till Cæsar came back again, telling her he had great matters to impart unto him. And one Artemidorus also, born in the island of Gnidos, a doctor of rhetoric in the Greek tongue, who by means of his profession was very familiar with certain of Brutus' confederates and therefore knew the most part of all their practices against Cæsar, came and brought him a little bill written with his own hand of all that he meant to tell him. He, marking how Cæsar received all the supplications that were offered him and that he gave them straight to his men that were about him, pressed nearer to him and said, "Cæsar, read this

memorial to yourself and that quickly, for they be matters of great weight and touch you nearly." Cæsar took it of him, but could never read it, though he many times attempted it, for the number of people that did salute him; but holding it still in his hand, keeping it to himself, went on withal into the Senate-house. Howbeit other are of opinion that it was some man else that gave him that memorial and not Artemidorus, who did what he could all the way as he went to give it Cæsar, but he was always repulsed by the people.

For these things, they may seem to come by chance: but the place where the murther was prepared and where the Senate were assembled, and where also there stood up an image of Pompey dedicated by himself amongst other ornaments which he gave unto the theatre: all these were manifest proofs that it was the ordinance of some god that made this treason to be executed specially in that very place. It is also reported that Cassius (though otherwise he did favour the doctrine of Epicurus) beholding the image of Pompey before they entered into the action of their traitorous enterprise, he did softly call upon it to aid him. But the instant danger of the present time, taking away his former reason, did suddenly put him into a furious passion and made him like a man half beside himself. Now Antonius, that was a faithful friend to Cæsar and a valiant man besides of his hands, him Decius Brutus Albinus entertained out of the Senate-house, having begun a long tale of set purpose. Then part of Brutus' company and confederates stood round about Cæsar's chair, and part of them also came towards him as though they made suit with Metellus Cimber, to call home his

brother again from banishment: and thus, prosecuting still their suit, they followed Cæsar till he was set in his chair. Who denying their petitions and being offended with them one after another, because the more they were denied the more they pressed upon him and were the earnerster with him: Metellus at length taking his gown with both his hands, pulled it over his neck, which was the sign given the confederates to set upon him.

Then Casca behind him strake him in the neck with his sword: howbeit the wound was not great nor mortal, because it seemed the fear of such a devilish attempt did amaze him and take his strength from him, that he killed him not at the first blow. But Cæsar, turning straight unto him, caught hold of his sword and held it hard: and they both cried out, Cæsar in Latin, "O vile traitor Casca, what doest thou?" And Casca in Greek to his brother, "Brother, help me." At the beginning of this stir they that were present, not knowing of the conspiracy, were so amazed with the horrible sight they saw, they had no power to fly, neither to help him, not so much as once to make any outcry. They on the other hand that had conspired his death compassed him in on every side with their swords drawn in their hands, that Cæsar turned him nowhere but he was stricken at by some, and still had naked swords in his face and was hacked and mangled among them as a wild beast taken of hunters. For it was agreed among them that every man should give him a wound, because all their parts should be in this murther: and then Brutus himself gave him a wound. Men report also that Cæsar did still defend himself



*The Assassination of Julius Caesar, March 15, 44 B.C.*

*(From the painting by J. L. Gerome.)*

against the rest, running every way with his body, but when he saw Brutus with his sword drawn in his hand, then he pulled his gown over his head and made no more resistance, and was driven either casually or purposely by the counsel of the conspirators against the base whereupon Pompey's image stood, which ran all of a gore-blood till he was slain. Thus it seemed that the image took just revenge of Pompey's enemy, being thrown down on the ground at his feet and yielding up his ghost there for the number of wounds he had upon him. For it is reported that he had three-and-twenty wounds upon his body, and divers of the conspirators did hurt themselves, striking one body with so many blows.

When Cæsar was slain, the Senate (though Brutus stood in the midst amongst them, as though he would have said somewhat touching this fact) presently ran out of the house, and flying filled all the city with marvellous fear and tumult. Insomuch as some did shut to their doors, others forsook their shops and warehouses, and others ran to the place to see what the matter was, and others also that had seen it ran home to their houses again. But Antonius and Lepidus, which were two of Cæsar's chiefest friends, secretly conveying themselves away, fled into other men's houses and forsook their own. Brutus and his confederates on the other side, being yet hot with this murther they had committed, having their swords drawn in their hands, came all in a troop together out of the Senate and went into the market-place, not as men that made countenance to fly, but otherwise boldly holding up their heads like men of courage, and called to the people to defend their liberty

and stayed to speak with every great personage whom they met in their way. Of them some followed this troop and went amongst them, as if they had been part of the conspiracy and falsely challenged part of the honour with them: amongst them was Caius Octavius and Lentulus Spinther. But both of them were afterwards put to death, for their vain covetousness of honour, by Antonius and Octavius Cæsar the younger: and yet had no part of the honour for the which they were put to death, neither did any man believe that they were any of the confederates or of counsel with them. For they that did put them to death took revenge rather of the will they had to offend than of any fact they had committed.

The next morning Brutus and his confederates came into the market-place to speak unto the people, who gave them such audience that it seemed they neither greatly reproved nor allowed the fact: for by their great silence they shewed that they were sorry for Cæsar's death and also that they did reverence Brutus.

Now the Senate granted general pardon for all that was past, and to pacify every man ordained besides that Cæsar's funeral should be honoured as a god, and established all things that he had done, and gave certain provinces also and convenient honours unto Brutus and his confederates, whereby every man thought all things were brought to good peace and quietness again.

But when Cæsar's testament was openly read, whereby it appeared that he bequeathed unto every citizen of Rome 75 drachmas a man, and that he left his gardens and arbours unto the people which he had on this side of the river Tiber in the place where now the temple of

Fortune is built, the people then loved him and were marvellous sorry for him. Afterwards when Cæsar's body was brought into the market-place, Antonius making his funeral oration in praise of the dead, according to the ancient custom of Rome, and perceiving that his words moved the common people to compassion, he framed his eloquence to make their hearts yearn the more: and taking Cæsar's gown all bloody in his hand he laid it open to the sight of them all, showing what a number of cuts and holes it had upon it. Therewithal the people fell presently into such a rage and mutiny that there was no more order kept amongst the common people. For some of them cried out, "Kill the murtherers :" others plucked up forms, tables, and stalls about the market-place, as they had done before at the funeral of Clodius, and having laid them all on a heap together they set them on fire, and thereupon did put the body of Cæsar and burnt it in the midst of the most holy places. And furthermore, when the fire was thoroughly kindled, some here some there took burning firebrands and ran with them to the murtherers' houses that killed him to set them on fire. Howbeit the conspirators, foreseeing the danger before, had wisely provided for themselves and fled.

There was one of Cæsar's friends called Cinna that had a marvellous strange and terrible dream the night before. He dreamed that Cæsar bade him to supper, and that he refused and would not go; then that Cæsar took him by the hand and led him against his will. Now Cinna, hearing at that time that they burnt Cæsar's body in the market-place, notwithstanding that he feared his dream, and had an ague

on him besides, he went into the market-place to honour his funeral. When he came hither, one of the mean sort asked him what his name was. He was straight called by his name. The first man told it to another, and that other to another, so that it ran straight through them all that he was one of them that murthered Cæsar (for indeed one of the traitors to Cæsar was also called Cinna as himself). Wherefore, taking him for Cinna the murtherer, they fell upon him with such fury that they presently dispatched him in the market-place.

Cæsar died at six-and-fifty years of age. So he reaped no other fruit of all his reign and dominion, which he had so vehemently desired all his life and pursued with such extreme danger, but a vain name only, and a superficial glory that procured the envy and hatred of his country. But his great prosperity and good fortune, that favoured him all his lifetime, did continue afterwards in the revenge of his death, pursuing the murtherers both by sea and land, till they had not left a man more to be executed of all them that were actors or counsellors in the conspiracy of his death. Furthermore, of all the chances that happen unto men upon the earth, that which came to Cassius above all other is most to be wondered at. For he, being overcome in battle at the journey of Philippi, slew himself with the same sword with the which he strake Cæsar.

Again of signs in the element the great comet which seven nights together was seen very bright after Cæsar's death the eighth night after was never seen more. Also the brightness of the sun was darkened, the which all

that year through rose very pale and shined not out, whereby it gave but small heat: therefore the air being very cloudy and dark, by the weakness of the heat that could not come forth, did cause the earth to bring forth but raw and unripe fruit, which rotted before it could ripe.

But above all the ghost that appeared unto Brutus showed plainly that the gods were offended with the murther of Cæsar. The vision was thus: Brutus, being ready to pass over his army from the city of Abydos to the other coast lying directly against it, slept every night (as his manner was) in his tent, and being yet awake thinking of his affairs (for by report he was as careful a captain and lived with as little sleep as ever man did), he thought he heard a noise at his tent door, and looking towards the light of the lamp that waxed very dim he saw a horrible vision of a man of a wonderful greatness and dreadful look, which at the first made him marvellously afraid. But when he saw that it did him no hurt, but stood by his bedside and said nothing, at length he asked him what he was. The image answered him, "I am thy ill angel, Brutus; and thou shalt see me by the city of Philippi." Then Brutus replied again and said, "Well, I shall see thee then!" Therewithal the spirit presently vanished from him.

After that time Brutus being in battle near unto the city of Philippi against Antonius and Octavius Cæsar, at the first battle he won the victory, and overthrowing all them that withstood him, he drove them into young Cæsar's camp, which he took. The second battle being at hand, this spirit appeared again unto him, but spake

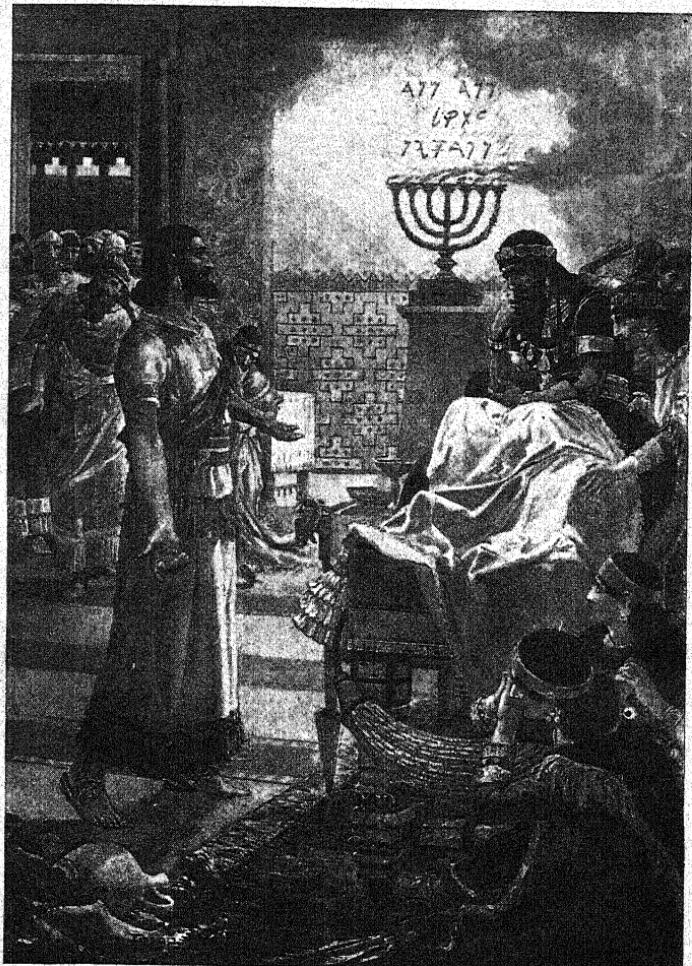
never a word. Thereupon Brutus, knowing he should die, did put himself to all hazard in battle, but yet fighting could not be slain. So seeing his men put to flight and overthrown, he ran unto a little rock not far off, and there setting his sword's point against his breast fell upon it and slew himself, but yet, as it is reported, with the help of his friend that dispatched him.

## THE FEAST OF BELSHAZZAR.

THE AUTHORIZED VERSION OF THE HOLY BIBLE.

BELSHAZZAR the king made a great feast to a thousand of his lords, and drank wine before the thousand. Belshazzar, whiles he tasted the wine, commanded to bring the golden and silver vessels which his father Nebuchadnezzar had taken out of the temple which was in Jerusalem ; that the king, and his princes, his wives, and his concubines, might drink therein. Then they brought the golden vessels that were taken out of the temple of the house of God which was at Jerusalem ; and the king, and his princes, his wives, and his concubines, drank in them. They drank wine, and praised the gods of gold, and of silver, of brass, of iron, of wood, and of stone.

In the same hour came forth fingers of a man's hand, and wrote over against the candlestick upon the plaster of the wall of the king's palace : and the king saw the part of the hand that wrote. Then the king's countenance was changed, and his thoughts troubled him, so that the joints of his loins were loosed, and his knees smote one against another. The king cried aloud to bring in the astrologers, the Chaldeans, and the soothsayers. And the king spake, and said to the wise men of Babylon, "Whosoever shall read this writing, and show me the interpretation thereof, shall be clothed with scarlet, and have a chain of gold about his neck, and shall be the third ruler in the kingdom."



*Belshazzar's Feast.*  
(From a cartoon by Innes Fripp.)

Then came in all the king's wise men: but they could not read the writing, nor make known to the king the interpretation thereof. Then was king Belshazzar greatly troubled, and his countenance was changed in him, and his lords were astonished.

Now the queen by reason of the words of the king and his lords came into the banquet house: and the queen spake and said, "O king, live for ever: let not thy thoughts trouble thee, nor let thy countenance be changed: there is a man in thy kingdom, in whom is the spirit of the holy gods; and in the days of thy father light and understanding and wisdom, like the wisdom of the gods, was found in him; whom the king Nebuchadnezzar thy father, the king; I say, thy father, made master of the magicians, astrologers, Chaldeans, and soothsayers; forasmuch as an excellent spirit, and knowledge, and understanding interpreting of dreams, and shewing of hard sentences, and dissolving of doubts, were found in the same Daniel, whom the king named Belteshazzar: now let Daniel be called, and he will shew the interpretation."

Then was Daniel brought in before the king. And the king spake and said unto Daniel, "Art thou that Daniel, which art of the children of the captivity of Judah, whom the king my father brought out of Jewry? I have even heard of thee, that the spirit of the gods is in thee, and that light and understanding and excellent wisdom is found in thee. And now the wise men, the astrologers, have been brought in before me, that they should read this writing, and make known unto me the interpretation thereof: but they could not shew the interpretation of the thing:

and I have heard of thee, that thou canst make interpretations, and dissolve doubts: now if thou canst read the writing, and make known to me the interpretation thereof, thou shalt be clothed with scarlet, and have a chain of gold about thy neck, and shalt be the third ruler in the kingdom."

Then Daniel answered and said before the king, "Let thy gifts be to thyself, and give thy rewards to another; yet I will read the writing unto the king, and make known to him the interpretation. O thou king, the most high God gave Nebuchadnezzar thy father a kingdom, and majesty, and glory, and honour: and for the majesty that he gave him, all people, nations, and languages, trembled and feared before him: whom he would he slew; and whom he would he kept alive; and whom he would he set up; and whom he would he put down. But when his heart was lifted up, and his mind hardened in pride, he was deposed from his kingly throne, and they took his glory from him: and he was driven from the sons of men; and his heart was made like the beasts, and his dwelling was with the wild asses: they fed him with grass like oxen, and his body was wet with the dew of heaven; till he knew that the most high God ruled in the kingdom of men, and that he appointeth over it whomsoever he will. And thou his son, O Belshazzar, hast not humbled thine heart, though thou knewest all this; but hast lifted up thyself against the Lord of heaven; and they have brought the vessels of his house before thee, and thou, and thy lords, thy wives, and thy concubines, have drunk wine in them; and thou hast praised

the gods of silver, and gold, of brass, iron, wood, and stone, which see not, nor hear, nor know: and the God in whose hand thy breath is, and whose are all thy ways, hast thou not glorified: then was the part of the hand sent from him ; and this writing was written.

“And this is the writing that was written, MENE, MENE, TEKEL, UPHARSIN. This is the interpretation of the thing: MENE; God hath numbered thy kingdom, and finished it. TEKEL; Thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting. PERES; Thy kingdom is divided, and given to the Medes and Persians.”

Then commanded Belshazzar, and they clothed Daniel with scarlet, and put a chain of gold about his neck, and made a proclamation concerning him, that he should be the third ruler in the kingdom.

In that night was Belshazzar the king of the Chaldeans slain. And Darius the Median took the kingdom.

## *DOUBTING CASTLE.*

JOHN BUNYAN.

AT last, lighting under a little shelter, they sat down there till the day brake: but being weary, they fell asleep. Now there was, not far from the place where they lay, a castle, called Doubting Castle, the owner whereof was Giant Despair; and it was in his grounds they now were sleeping. Wherefore he, getting up in the morning early and walking up and down in his fields, caught Christian and Hopeful asleep in his grounds. Then with a grim and surly voice he bid them awake, and asked them whence they were and what they did in his grounds. They told him they were pilgrims and that they had lost their way. Then said the giant, "You have this night trespassed on me, by trampling in and lying on my grounds, and therefore you must go along with me." So they were forced to go, because he was stronger than they. They also had but little to say, for they knew themselves in a fault. The giant therefore drove them before him, and put them into his castle, into a very dark dungeon, nasty and stinking to the spirits of these two men. Here then they lay from Wednesday morning till Saturday night, without one bit of bread, or drop of drink, or light, or any to ask how they did: they were therefore here in evil case and were far from friends and acquaintance.

Now Giant Despair had a wife, and her name was Diffidence. So when he was gone to bed he told his

wife what he had done, to wit, that he had taken a couple of prisoners and cast them into his dungeon, for trespassing on his grounds. Then he asked her also what he had best do further to them. So she askcd him what they were, whence they came, and whither they were bound ; and he told her. Then she counselled him that when he arose in the morning he should beat them without any mercy. So when he arose he getteth him a grievous crab-tree cudgel, and goes down into the dungeon to them, and there first falls to rating of them as if they were dogs, although they gave him never a word of distaste. Then he falls upon them and beats them fearfully, in such sort that they were not able to help themselves, or to turn them upon the floor. This done, he withdraws, and leaves them there to condole their misery and to mourn under their distress ; so all that day they spent the time in nothing but sighs and bitter lamentations. The next night she, talking with her husband about them further, and understanding that they were yet alive, did advise him to counsel them to make away themselves. So, when morning was come, he goes to them in a surly manner as before, and perceiving them to be very sore with the stripes that he had given them the day before, he told them that since they were never like to come out of that place, their only way would be forthwith to make an end of themselves, either with knife, halter, or poison : "For why," said he, "should you choose life, seeing it is attended with so much bitterness?" Then did the prisoners consult between themselves whether 'twas best to take his counsel or no. Hopeful with comforting words did moderate the mind of his brother : so they



*The Arming of Christian.--W. E. Gladstone Solomon.*

continued together (in the dark) that day, in their sad and doleful condition.

Well, towards evening the giant goes down into the dungeon again, to see if his prisoners had taken his counsel: but when he came there he found them alive, and truly, alive was all: for now, what for want of bread and water and by reason of the wounds they received when he beat them, they could do little but breathe. But, I say, he found them alive: at which he fell into a grievous rage, and told them that, seeing they had disobeyed his counsel, it should be worse with them than if they had never been born.

Night being come again, and the giant and his wife being in bed, she asked him concerning the prisoners, and if they had taken his counsel. To which he replied, "They are sturdy rogues; they choose rather to bear all hardship than to make away themselves." Then said she, "Take them into the castle-yard to-morrow and show them the bones and skulls of those that thou hast already despatched, and make them believe, ere a week comes to an end, thou also wilt tear them in pieces, as thou hast done their fellows before them."

So when the morning was come, the giant goes to them again and takes them into the castle-yard and shews them as his wife had bidden him. "These," said he, "were pilgrims as you are, once, and they trespassed in my grounds, as you have done: and when I thought fit, I tore them in pieces, and so within ten days I will do you. Go, get you down to your den again;" and with that he beat them all the way thither. They lay therefore all day on Saturday in a lamentable case as before. Now when night was come and when Mrs.

Diffidence and her husband the giant were got to bed, they began to renew their discourse of their prisoners ; and withal the old giant wondered that he could neither by his blows nor counsel bring them to an end. And with that his wife replied, " I fear," said she, " that they live in hope that some will come to relieve them, or that they have pick-locks about them, by the means of which they hope to escape. " And sayest thou so, my dear ? " said the giant ; " I will therefore search them in the morning."

Well, on Saturday about midnight they began to pray, and continued in prayer till almost break of day.

Now a little before it was day, good Christian, as one half amazed, brake out in this passionate speech : " What a fool," quoth he, " am I, thus to lie in a stinking dungeon, when I may as well walk at liberty ! I have a key in my bosom called Promise, that will, I am persuaded, open any lock in Doubting Castle." Then said Hopeful, " That's good news : good brother, pluck it out of thy bosom and try."

Then Christian pulled it out of his bosom, and began to try at the dungeon door, whose bolt, as he turned the key, gave back and the door flew open with ease, and Christian and Hopeful both came out. Then he went to the outward door that leads into the castle-yard, and with his key opened that door also. After, he went to the iron gate, for that must be opened too ; but that lock went damnable hard, yet the key did open it. Then they thrust open the gate to make their escape with speed, but that gate as it opened made such a creaking that it waked Giant Despair, who hastily rising to pursue his prisoners felt his limbs to fail, so that he

could by no means go after them. Then they went on, and came to the king's highway again, and so were safe, because they were out of his jurisdiction.

They began to contrive with themselves what they should do to prevent those that should come after from falling into the hands of Giant Despair. So they consented to erect there a pillar and to engrave upon the side thereof this sentence, "Over this stile is the way to Doubting Castle, which is kept by Giant Despair, who despiseth the King of the Celestial Country and seeks to destroy his holy pilgrims." Many therefore that followed after read what was written and escaped the danger.

## THE RETURN OF CHARLES II.

SAMUEL PEPYS.

16th May 1660.

COMMISSIONER PETT was now come to take care to get all things ready for the king on board ; my Lord in his best suit, this the first day, in expectation to wait upon the king. But Mr. Edward Pickering coming from the king brought word that the king would not put my Lord to the trouble of coming to him ; but that he would come to the shore to look upon the fleet to-day, which we expected, and had our guns ready to fire, and our scarlet waist-cloathes out and silk pendants, but he did not come.

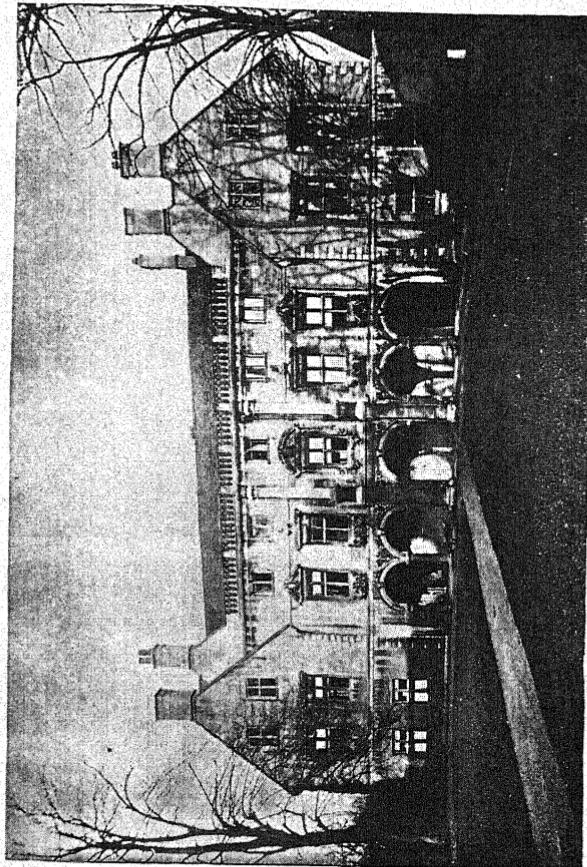
This afternoon Mr. Edward Pickering told me in what a sad, poor condition for clothes and money the king was and all his attendants when he came to him first from my Lord, their clothes not being worth forty shillings the best of them. And how overjoyed the king was when Sir J. Greenville brought him some money ; so joyful, that he called the Princess Royal and Duke of York to look upon it, as it lay in the portmanteau, before it was taken out. My Lord told me, too, that the Duke of York is made High Admiral of England.

17th.—Dr. Clerke came to tell me that he had heard this morning by some Dutch that are come on board already to see the ships, that there was a Portuguese taken yesterday at the Hague, that had a design to kill

the king. But this I heard afterwards was only the mistake upon one being observed to walk with his sword naked, he having lost his scabbard. Before dinner, Mr. Edward Pickering and I, W. Howe, Pim, and my boy, to Scheveling, where we took coach, and so to the Hague, where walking, intending to find one that might show us the king incognito, I met with Captain Whittington (that had formerly brought a letter to my Lord from the Mayor of London), and he did promise me to do it, but first we went and dined at a French house, but paid ten shillings for our part of the club. At dinner in came Dr. Cade, a merry mad parson of the king's. And they two got the child and me (the others not being able to crowd in) to see the king, who kissed the child very affectionately. Then we kissed his, and the Duke of York's, and the Princess Royal's hands. The king seemed to be a very sober man ; and a very splendid court he hath in the number of persons of quality that are about him, English, very rich in habit.

18th.—Very early up, and hearing that the Duke of York, our Lord High Admiral, would go on board to-day, Mr. Pickering and I took wagon for Scheveling. It is a sweet town, with bridges, and a river in every street. In every house of entertainment there hangs in every room a poor man's box, it being their custom to confirm all bargains by putting something into the box, and that binds as fast as anything. Back by water.

19th.—Up early and went to Scheveling, where I found no getting on board, though the Duke of York sent every day to see whether he could do it or no.



*Pepysian Library, Magdalene College, Cambridge.*

20th. (Lord's day.)—Commissioner Pett at last came to our lodging, and caused the boats to go off; so some in one boat and some in another, we all bid adieu to the shore. But through the badness of weather we were in great danger, and a great while before we could get to the ship. This hath not been known four days together such weather this time of year, a great while. Indeed, our fleet was thought to be in great danger, but we found all well.

21st.—The weather foul all this day also. After dinner about writing one thing or another all day, and setting my papers in order, hearing, by letters that came hither in my absence, that the Parliament had ordered all persons to be secured, in order to a trial, that did sit as judges in the late king's death, and all the officers attending the court. We expect every day to have the king and duke on board as soon as it is fair.

22nd.—Up, and trimmed by a barber that has not trimmed me yet, my Spaniard being on shore. News brought that the two dukes are coming on board, which, by-the-bye, they did, in a Dutch boat, the Duke of York in yellow trimmings, the Duke of Gloucester in grey and red. My Lord went in a boat to meet them, the captain, myself, and others standing at the entering port. So soon as they were entered, we shot the guns off round the fleet. After that, they went to view the ship all over, and were most exceedingly pleased with it. They seem to be very fine gentlemen. After dinner the dukes and my Lord to sea, the Vice and Rear-Admirals and I in a boat after them. After that done, they made to the shore in the Dutch boat that brought them, and I got into the boat with them; but

the shore was full of people to expect their coming. When we came near the shore, my Lord left them, and come into his own boat, and General Pen, and I with him; my Lord being very well pleased with the day's work. By the time we came on board again, news is sent us that the king is on shore; so my Lord fired all his guns round twice, and all the fleet after him, which, in the end, fell into disorder, which seemed very handsome. The gun over against my cabin I fired myself to the king, which was the first time that he had been saluted by his own ships since this change; but, holding my head too much over the gun, I had almost spoiled my right eye. In the evening we began to remove cabins; I to the carpenter's cabin. Many of the king's servants come on board to-night.

23rd.—In the morning come infinity of people on board from the king to go along with him. My Lord, Mr. Crewe, and others go on shore to meet the king as he comes off from shore. The king with the two dukes and Queen of Bohemia, Princess Royal, and Prince of Orange, come on board, where I, in their coming in, kissed the king's, queen's, and princess's hands, having done the other before. Infinite shooting off of guns, and that in a disorder on purpose, which was better than if it had been otherwise. All day, nothing but lords and persons of honour on board, that we were exceeding full. Dined in a great deal of state, the royal company by themselves in the coach, which was a blessed sight to see. After dinner the king and duke altered the names of some of the ships—viz., the *Naseby* into *Charles*; the *Richard*, *James*; the *Speaker*,

*Mary*; the *Dunbar* (which was not in company with us), the *Henry*; *Winsly*, *Happy Return*; *Wakefield*, *Richmond*; *Lambert*, the *Henrietta*; *Cheriton*, the *Speedwell*; *Bradford*, the *Successe*. That done, the queen, Princess Royal, and Prince of Orange took leave of the king, and the Duke of York went on board the *London*, and the Duke of Gloucester the *Swiftsure*, which done, we weighed anchor, and with a fresh gale and most happy weather we set sail for England. All the afternoon the king walked here and there, up and down (quite contrary to what I thought him to have been), very active and stirring. Upon the quarter-deck he fell into discourse of his escape from Worcester, where it made me ready to weep to hear the stories that he told of his difficulties that he had passed through, as his travelling four days and three nights on foot, every step up to his knees in dirt, with nothing but a green coat and a pair of country breeches on, and a pair of country shoes that made him so sore all over his feet that he could hardly stir. Yet he was forced to run away from a miller and other company, that took them for rogues. His sitting at table at one place, where the master of the house, that had not seen him in eight years, did know him, but kept it private; when at the same table there was one, that had been of his own regiment at Worcester, could not know him, but made him drink the king's health, and said that the king was at least four fingers higher than he. At another place he was by some servants of the house made to drink, that they might know that he was not a Roundhead, which they swore he was. In another place, at his inn, the master of the house, as the king was standing with

his hands upon the back of a chair by the fireside, kneeling down and kissed his hand, privately, saying that he would not ask him who he was, but bid God bless him whither he was going. Then the difficulties in getting a boat to get to France, where he was fain to plot with the master thereof to keep his design from the foreman and a boy (which was all the ship's company), and so get to Fécamp, in France. At Rouen he looked so poorly that the people went into the rooms before he went away, to see whether he had not stole something or other. In the evening I went up to my Lord, to write letters for England, which we sent away with word of our coming, by Mr. Edward Pickering. The king supped alone in the coach; after that I got a dish, and we four supped in my cabin, as at noon. About bedtime, my Lord Bartlett (who I had offered my service to before) sent for me to get him a bed, who with much ado I did get to bed to my Lord Middlesex, in the great cabin below, but I was cruelly troubled before I could dispose of him, and quit myself of him. So to my cabin again, where the company still was, and were talking more of the king's difficulties; as how he was fain to eat a piece of bread and cheese out of a poor body's pocket; how at a Catholic house he was fain to lie in the priest's hole a good while in the house for his privacy. After that our company broke up. We have all the Lord Commissioners on board us, and many others. Under sail all night, and most glorious weather.

24th.—Up, and made myself as fine as I could, with the linen stockings on and wide canons that I bought the other day at Hague. Extraordinary press of noble

company, and great mirth all the day. To bed, coming in sight of land a little before night.

25th.—By the morning we were come close to the land, and everybody made ready to get on shore. The king and the two dukes did eat their breakfast before they went; and there being set some ship's diet before them, only to show them the manner of the ship's diet, they eat of nothing else but pease and pork and boiled beef. Great expectation of the king's making some knights, but there was none. About noon (though the brigantine that Beale made was there ready to carry him) yet he would go in my Lord's barge with the two dukes. Our captain steered, and my Lord went along bare with him. I went, and Mr. Mansell, and one of the king's footmen, and a dog that the king loved, in a boat by ourselves, and so got on shore when the king did, who was received by General Monk with all imaginable love and respect, at his entrance upon the land at Dover. Infinite the crowd of people and the gallantry of the horsemen, citizens, and noblemen of all sorts. The mayor of the town come and give him his white staff, the badge of his place, which the king did give him again. The mayor also presented him from the town a very rich Bible, which he took, and said it was the thing he loved above all things in the world. A canopy was provided for him to stand under, which he did, and talked awhile with General Monk and others, and so into a stately coach there set for him, and so away through the town towards Canterbury, without making any stay at Dover. The shouting and joy expressed by all is past imagination. Seeing that my Lord did not stir out of his barge, I got into a boat,

and so into his barge and we back to the ship, seeing a man almost drowned that fell into the sea. My Lord almost transported with joy that he had done all this without any the least blur or obstruction in the world that could give offence to any, and with the great honour he thought it would be to him.

## THE TRANSMIGRATION OF SOULS.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

“ Errat et illinc  
huc venit, hinc illuc, et quoslibet occupat artus  
spiritus : equè feris humana in corpora transit  
inque feras noster.”

Pythagoras in OVID, *Metamorphoses* xv. 165.

“ All things are but altered, nothing dies,  
And here and there the unbodied spirit flies  
By time or force or sickness dispossessed,  
And lodges where it lights, in man or beast.”

DRYDEN.

WILL HONEYCOMB, who loves to shew upon occasion all the little learning he has picked up, told us yesterday at the club that he thought there might be a great deal said for the transmigration of souls, and that the eastern parts of the world believed in that doctrine to this day. Sir Paul Rycaut, says he, gives us an account of several well-disposed Mahometans that purchase the freedom of any little bird they see confined in a cage, and think they merit as much by it as we should do here by ransoming one of our countrymen from their captivity at Algiers. You must know, says Will, the reason is because they consider every animal as a brother or sister in disguise, and therefore think themselves obliged to extend their charity to them, though under such mean circumstances. They'll tell you, says Will, that the soul of a man when he dies immediately passes into the body of another man or of some brute which



*Joseph Addison.*  
(From the portrait by Kneller.)

he resembled in his humour or his fortune when he was one of us.

As I was wondering what this profession of learning would end in, Will told us that Jack Freelove, who was a fellow of whim, made love to one of those ladies who throw away all their fondness on parrots, monkeys, and lap-dogs. Upon going to pay her a visit one morning, he wrote a very pretty epistle upon this hint. Jack, says he, was conducted into the parlour, where he diverted himself for some time with her favourite monkey, which was chained in one of the windows; till at length observing a pen and ink lie by him he writ the following letter to his mistress in the person of the monkey; and upon her not coming down so soon as he expected, left it in the window and went about his business.

The lady soon after coming into the parlour and seeing her monkey look upon a paper with great earnestness, took it up, and to this day is in some doubt, says Will, whether it was written by Jack or the monkey.

“Madam,

“Not having the gift of speech, I have a long time waited in vain for an opportunity of making myself known to you; and having at present the conveniences of pen, ink, and paper by me, I gladly take the occasion of giving you my history in writing, which I could not do by word of mouth. You must know, madam, that about a thousand years ago I was an Indian Brahman and versed in all those mysterious secrets which your European philosopher, called

Pythagoras, is said to have learned from our fraternity. I had so ingratiated myself by my great skill in the occult sciences with a demon whom I used to converse with, that he promised to grant me whatever I should ask of him. I desired that my soul might never pass into the body of a brute-creature, but this he told me was not in his power to grant me.

"I then begged that into whatever creature I should chance to transmigrate I might still retain my memory, and be conscious that I was the same person who lived in different animals. This he told me was within his power, and accordingly promised me on the word of a demon that he would grant me what I desired. From that time forth I lived so very unblameably that I was made president of a college of Brahmans, an office which I discharged with great integrity till the day of my death.

"I was then shuffled into another human body, and acted my part so very well in it that I became first minister to a prince who reigned upon the banks of the Ganges. I here lived in great honour for several years, but by degrees lost all the innocence of the Brahman, being obliged to rifle and oppress the people to enrich my sovereign, till at length I became so odious that my master, to recover his credit with his subjects, shot me through the heart with an arrow, as I was one day addressing myself to him at the head of his army.

"Upon my next remove I found myself in the woods under the shape of a jackal, and soon lifted myself in the service of a lion. I used to yelp near his den about midnight, which was his time of rousing and seeking after his prey. He always followed me in the

rear, and when I had run down a fat buck, a wild goat, or an hare, after he had feasted very plentifully upon it himself, would now and then throw me a bone that was but half picked for my encouragement: but upon my being unsuccessful in two or three chases, he gave me such a confounded gripe in his anger that I died of it.

“In my next transmigration I was again set upon two legs, and became an Indian tax-gatherer. But having been guilty of great extravagances, and being married to an expensive jade of a wife, I ran so cursedly in debt that I durst not shew my head. I could no sooner step out of my house but I was arrested by some body or other that lay in wait for me. As I ventured abroad one night in the dusk of the evening, I was taken up and hurried into a dungeon, where I died a few months after.

“My soul then entered into a flying-fish, and in that state led a most melancholy life for the space of six years. Several fishes of prey pursued me when I was in the water, and if I betook myself to my wings it was ten to one but I had a flock of birds aiming at me. As I was one day flying amidst a fleet of English ships, I observed a huge sea-gull whetting his bill and hovering just over my head: upon my dipping into the water to avoid him, I fell into the mouth of a monstrous shark that swallowed me down in an instant.

“I was some years afterwards to my great surprise an eminent banker in Lombard Street; and remembering how I had formerly suffered for want of money, became so very sordid and avaricious that the whole town cried shame of me. I was a miserable little old fellow to look upon, for I had in a manner starved

myself, and was nothing but skin and bone when I died.

"I was afterwards very much troubled and amazed to find myself dwindled into an emmet. I was heartily concerned to make so insignificant a figure, and did not know but some time or other I might be reduced to a mite if I did not mend my manners. I therefore applied myself with greater diligence to the offices that were allotted me, and was generally looked upon as the noblest ant in the whole molehill. I was at last picked up as I was groaning under a burden by an unlucky cock-sparrow that lived in the neighbourhood and had before made great depredations upon our commonwealth.

"I then bettered my condition a little and lived a whole summer in the shape of a bee: but being tired with the painful and penurious life I had undergone in my two last transmigrations, I fell upon the other extreme and turned drone. As I one day headed a party to plunder an hive, we were received so warmly by the swarm which defended it that we were most of us left dead upon the spot.

"I might tell you of many other transmigrations which I went through: how I was a tailor, a shrimp, and a tom-tit. In the last of these my shapes I was shot in the Christmas holidays by a young jackanapes who would needs try his new gun upon me.

"But I shall pass over these and several other stages of life to remind you of the young beau who made love to you about six years since. You may remember, madam, how he masked and danced and sung and played a thousand tricks to gain you: and how he was

at the last carried off by a cold that he got under your window one night in a serenade. I was that unfortunate young fellow whom you were then so cruel to. Not long after my shifting that unlucky body I found myself upon a hill in Ethiopia, where I lived in my present grotesque shape till I was caught by a servant of the English factory and sent over into Great Britain: I need not inform you how I came into your hands. You see, madam, this is not the first time that you have had me in a chain: I am, however, very happy in this my captivity, as you often bestow on me those kisses and caresses which I would have given the world for when I was a man. I hope this discovery of my person will not tend to my disadvantage, but that you will continue your accustomed favours to

“Your most devoted humble servant,  
“PUGG.

“*P.S.*—I would advise your little shock-dog to keep out of my way: for as I look upon him to be the most formidable of my rivals, I may chance one time or other to give him such a snap as he won’t like.”

## *OBSERVATIONS OF A NATURALIST.*

GILBERT WHITE.

### *The Sussex Tortoise.*

ON the first of November the old tortoise began first to dig the ground in order to be forming its *hyper-naculum*. It scrapes out the ground with its fore-feet, and throws it up over its back with its hind ; but the motion of its legs is ridiculously slow, little exceeding the hour-hand of a clock. Nothing can be more assiduous than this creature, night and day, in scooping the earth and forcing its great body into the cavity ; but as the noons of that season proved unusually warm and sunny, it was continually interrupted, and called forth by the heat in the middle of the day, and though I remained there (in Sussex) till the thirteenth of November, yet the work remained unfinished. Harsher weather and frosty mornings would have quickened its operations. No part of its behaviour ever struck me more than the extreme timidity it always expresses with regard to rain ; for though it has a shell that would secure it against the wheel of a loaded cart, yet does it discover as much solicitude about rain as a lady dressed in all her best attire, shuffling away on the first sprinkling, and running its head up in a corner. If attended to, it becomes an excellent weather-glass, for as sure as it walks elate, and as it were on tiptoe, feeding with

great earnestness in a morning, so sure will it rain before night. It is totally a diurnal animal, and never pretends to stir after it becomes dark. The tortoise, like other reptiles, has an arbitrary stomach as well as lungs, and can refrain from eating as well as breathing for a great part of the year. When first awakened it eats nothing, nor again in the autumn before it retires; through the height of the summer it feeds voraciously, devouring all the food that comes in its way. I was much taken with its sagacity in discerning those that do it kind offices; for as soon as the old lady comes in sight who has waited on it for more than thirty years, it hobbles towards its benefactress with awkward alacrity, but remains inattentive to strangers. Thus not only "the ox knoweth its owner, and the ass his master's crib," but the most abject reptile and torpid of beings distinguishes the hand that feeds it, and is touched with the feelings of gratitude.

This creature not only goes under the earth from the middle of November to the middle of April, but sleeps great part of the summer; for it goes to bed in the longest days at four in the afternoon, and often does not stir in the morning till late. Besides, it retires to rest for every shower, and does not move at all in wet days. When one reflects on the state of this strange being, it is a matter of wonder to find that Providence should bestow such a profusion of days, such a seeming waste of longevity, on a reptile that appears to relish it so little as to squander more than two-thirds of its existence in a joyless stupor, and be lost to all sensation for months together in the profoundest of slumbers.

*The Use of Earth-Worms.*

LANDS that are subject to frequent inundations are always poor, and probably the reason may be because the worms are drowned. The most insignificant insects and reptiles are of much more consequence and have much more influence in the economy of nature than the incurious are aware of. Earth-worms, though in appearance a small and despicable link in the chain of nature, yet if lost would make a lamentable chasm. For to say nothing of half the birds and some quadrupeds which are almost entirely supported by them, worms seem to be the great promoters of vegetation, which would proceed but lamely without them, by boring, perforating, and loosening the soil, and rendering it pervious to rains and the fibres of plants by drawing straws, and stalks of leaves, and twigs into it, and most of all by throwing up such infinite numbers of lumps of earth called worm-casts, which is a fine manure for grain and grass. Worms probably provide new soil for hills and slopes where the rain washes the earth away, and they affect slopes, probably to avoid being flooded. Gardeners and farmers express their detestation of worms: the former because they render their walks unsightly, and make them much work; and the latter because, as they think, worms eat their young corn. But these men would find that the earth without worms would soon become cold, hard-bound, and void of fermentation, and consequently sterile: and besides, in favour of worms, it should be hinted that green corn,

plants, and flowers are not so much injured by them as by many species of *Coleoptera* (scarabs), and *Tipulæ* (long-legs), in their larva or grub state, and by unnoticed myriads of small shell-less snails called slugs, which silently and imperceptibly make amazing havoc in the field and garden.

*Why Birds flock together in Winter.*

WHEN I ride about in the winter and see such prodigious flocks of various kinds of birds, I cannot help admiring at these congregations. One of the great motives which regulate the proceedings of the brute creation is hunger. As these animals are actuated by instinct to hunt for necessary food, they should not, one would suppose, crowd together in pursuit of sustenance at a time when it is most likely to fail: yet such associations do take place in hard weather chiefly, and thicken as the severity increases. As some kind of self-interest and self-defence is, no doubt, the motive for the proceeding, may it not arise from the helplessness of their state in such rigorous seasons: as men crowd together when under great calamities, though they know not why. Perhaps approximation may dispel some degree of cold: and a crowd may make each individual appear safer from the ravages of birds of prey and other dangers.

*The Chimney-Swallow.*

THE house-swallow or chimney-swallow is undoubtedly the first comer of all the British *hirundines*, and



*House Martins.*

appears in general on or about the thirteenth of April, as I have remarked from many years' observation. In general, with us this *hirundo* breeds in chimneys; and loves to haunt those stacks where there is a constant fire, no doubt for the sake of warmth. Not that it can subsist in the immediate shaft where there is fire; but prefers one adjoining to that of the kitchen, and disregards the perpetual smoke of that funnel. Five or six or more feet down the chimney does this little bird begin to form her nest about the middle of May. It is not improbable that the dam submits to this inconvenient situation so low in the shaft in order to secure her broods from rapacious birds, and particularly from owls, which frequently fall down chimneys, perhaps in attempting to get at these nestlings.

The swallow lays from four to six white eggs, dotted with red specks, and brings out her first brood about the last week in June or the first week in July. The progressive method by which the young are introduced into life is very amusing. First they emerge from the shaft with difficulty enough, and often fall down into the rooms below. For a day or so they are fed on the chimney-top, and then are conducted to the dead, leafless bough of some tree, where, sitting in a row, they are attended with great assiduity, and may then be called perchers. In a day or two more they become flyers, but are still unable to take their own food; therefore they play about near the place where the dams are hawking for flies, and when a mouthful is collected, at a certain signal given, the dam and the nestling advance, rising towards each other, and meeting at an angle, the young one all the while uttering such a little quick note

of gratitude and complacency that a person must have paid very little regard to the wonders of nature that has not often remarked this feat.

The dam betakes herself immediately to the business of a second brood as soon as she is disengaged from her first: the second brood is brought out towards the middle and end of August.

All the summer long is the swallow a most instructive pattern of unwearyed industry and affection; for, from morning to night, while there is a family to be supported, she spends the whole day in skimming close to the ground, and exerting the most sudden turns and quick evolutions in places where insects most abound. When a fly is taken, a smart snap from her bill is heard, resembling the noise at the shutting of a watch-case.

The swallow, probably the male bird, is the *excubitor* to house-martins and other little birds, announcing the approach of birds of prey. For as soon as a hawk appears, with a shrill alarming note he calls all the swallows and martins about him, who pursue in a body, and buffet and strike their enemy till they have driven him from the village, darting down from above on his back, and rising in a perpendicular line in perfect security. This bird also will sound the alarm and strike at cats when they climb on the roofs of houses or otherwise approach the nests.

## *SALADIN AND RICHARD LION-HEART.*

EDWARD GIBBON.

THREE months after the battle of Tiberias, Saladin appeared in arms before the gate of Jerusalem.

Some feeble and hasty efforts were made for the defence of the city; but in the space of fourteen days a victorious army drove back the sallies of the besieged, planted their engines, opened the wall to the breadth of fifteen cubits, applied their scaling ladders, and erected on the breach twelve banners of the prophet and the sultan. It was in vain that a barefoot procession of the queen, the women, and the monks implored the Son of God to save His tomb and His inheritance from impious violation. Their sole hope was in the mercy of the conqueror, and to their first suppliant deputation that mercy was sternly denied. "He had sworn to avenge the patience and long-suffering of the Moslems. The hour of forgiveness was elapsed, and the moment was now arrived to expiate in blood the innocent blood which had been spilt by Godfrey and the first Crusaders." But a desperate and successful struggle of the Franks admonished the sultan that his triumph was not yet secure. He listened with reverence to a solemn adjuration in the name of the common Father of mankind; and a sentiment of human sympathy mollified the rigour of fanaticism and conquest. He consented to accept the city, and to spare the inhabitants. The

Greek and Oriental Christians were permitted to live under his dominion; but it was stipulated that in forty days all the Franks and Latins should evacuate Jerusalem, and be safely conducted to the seaports of Syria and Egypt; that ten pieces of gold should be paid for each man, five for each woman, and one for every child; and that those who were unable to purchase their freedom should be detained in perpetual slavery.

After Jerusalem had been delivered from the presence of the strangers, the sultan made his triumphant entry, his banners waving in the wind and to the harmony of martial music. The great mosque of Omar, which had been converted into a church, was again consecrated to one God and His prophet Mahomet. The walls and pavement were purified with rose-water, and a pulpit was erected in the sanctuary. But when the golden cross that glittered on the dome was cast down and dragged through the streets, the Christians of every sect uttered a lamentable groan, which was answered by the joyful sounds of the Moslems. In four ivory chests the patriarch had collected the crosses, the images, the vases, and the relics of the holy place: they were seized by the conqueror. He was persuaded, however, to intrust them to the patriarch and prince of Antioch, and the pious pledge was redeemed by Richard of England at the expense of 52,000 byzants of gold.

In the career of victory Saladin was first checked by the resistance of Tyre. The troops and garrisons which had capitulated were imprudently conducted to the same port. Their numbers were adequate to the

defence of the place, and the arrival of Conrad of Montferrat inspired the disorderly crowd with confidence and union. Conrad was unanimously hailed as the prince and champion of Tyre. The firmness of his zeal, and perhaps his knowledge of a generous foe, enabled him to brave the threats of the sultan, and to declare that should his aged parent (who had been made prisoner in the battle of Tiberias) be exposed before the walls, he himself would discharge the first arrow, and glory in his descent from a Christian martyr. The Egyptian fleet was allowed to enter the harbour of Tyre; but the chain was suddenly drawn and five galleys were either sunk or taken. A thousand Turks were slain in a sally, and Saladin, after burning his engines, concluded a glorious campaign by a disgraceful retreat to Damascus.

He was soon assailed by a more formidable tempest. The pathetic narratives that represented in lively colours the servitude and profanation of Jerusalem awakened the torpid sensibility of Europe. The Emperor Frederic Barbarossa and the kings of France and England assumed the cross; and the tardy magnitude of their armaments was anticipated by the maritime states of the Mediterranean and the ocean. The skilful and provident Italians first embarked in the ships of Genoa, Pisa, and Venice. They were speedily followed by the most eager pilgrims of France, Normandy, and the Western Isles. The powerful succour of Flanders, Frise, and Denmark filled near a hundred vessels; and the northern warriors were distinguished in the field by a lofty stature and a ponderous battle-axe. Their increasing multitudes could no longer be con-

fined within the walls of Tyre or remain obedient to the voice of Conrad. They pitied the misfortunes and revered the dignity of Lusignan, the King of Jerusalem, who was released from prison, perhaps to divide the army of the Franks. He proposed the recovery of Ptolemais or Acre, thirty-two miles to the south of Tyre; and the place was first invested by 2,000 horse and 30,000 foot under his nominal command.

I shall not expatiate on the story of this memorable siege, which lasted near two years, and consumed in a narrow space the forces of Europe and Asia. Never did the flame of enthusiasm burn with fiercer and more destructive rage. At the sound of the holy trumpet the Moslems of Egypt, Syria, Arabia, and the Oriental provinces assembled under the servant of the prophet. His camp was pitched and removed within a few miles of Acre, and he laboured night and day for the relief of his brethren and the annoyance of the Franks. At length in the spring of the second year the royal fleets of France and England cast anchor in the bay of Acre, and the siege was more vigorously prosecuted by the youthful emulation of the two kings, Philip Augustus and Richard Plantagenet. After every resource had been tried and every hope was exhausted the defenders of Acre submitted to their fate: a capitulation was granted, but their lives and liberties were taxed at the hard conditions of a ransom of 200,000 pieces of gold, the deliverance of one hundred nobles and 1,500 inferior captives, and the restoration of the wood of the holy cross. Some doubts in the agreement and some delay

in the execution rekindled the fury of the Franks, and 3,000 Moslems, almost in the sultan's view, were beheaded by the command of the sanguinary Richard. By the conquest of Acre, the Latin powers acquired a strong town and a convenient harbour, but the advantage was most dearly purchased. The minister and historian of Saladin computes, from the report of the enemy, that their numbers at different periods amounted to 500,000 or 600,000; that more than 100,000 Christians were slain; that a far greater number were lost by disease or shipwreck; and that a small portion of the mighty host could return in safety to their native country.

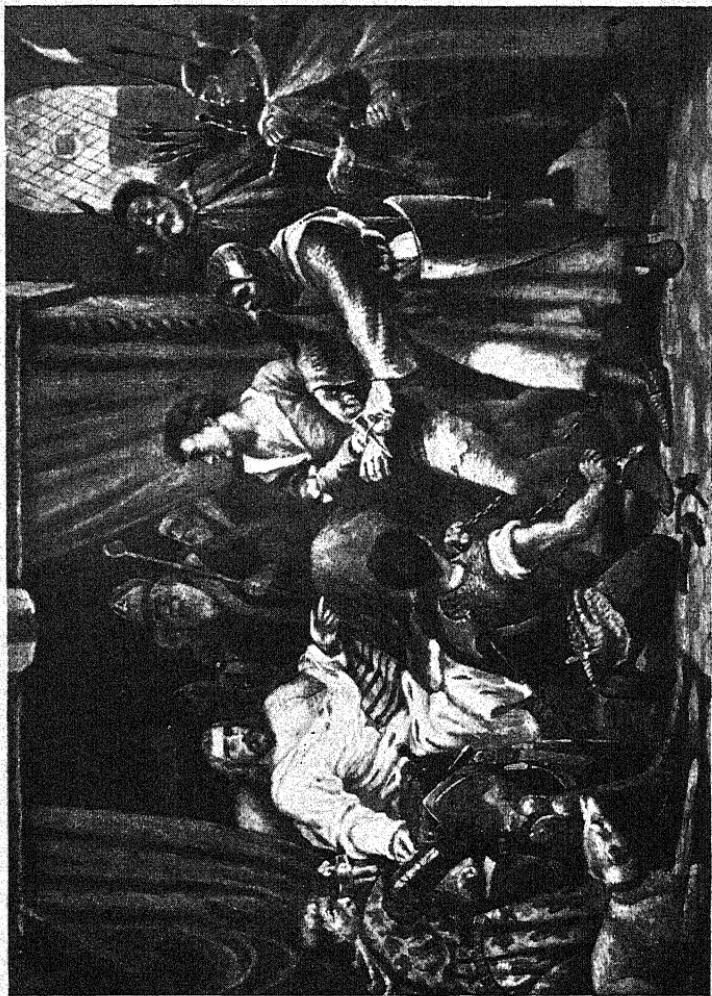
Philip Augustus and Richard I. are the only kings of France and England who have fought under the same banners; but the holy service in which they were enlisted was incessantly disturbed by their national jealousy, and the two factions which they protected in Palestine were more averse to each other than to the common enemy. In the eyes of the Orientals the French monarch was superior in dignity and power, and in the emperor's absence the Latins revered him as their temporal chief. His exploits were not adequate to his fame. Philip was brave, but the statesman predominated in his character; he was soon weary of sacrificing his health and interest on a barren coast. The surrender of Acre became the signal of his departure; nor could he justify this unpopular desertion by leaving the Duke of Burgundy with 500 knights and 10,000 foot for the service in the Holy Land. The King of England, though inferior in dignity, surpassed his rival in wealth and military renown; and if heroism be

confined to brutal and ferocious valour, Richard Plantagenet will stand high among the heroes of the age. The memory of Cœur de Lion, of the lion-hearted prince, was long dear and glorious to his English subjects; and at the distance of sixty years it was celebrated in proverbial sayings by the grandsons of the Turks and Saracens against whom he had fought. His tremendous name was employed by the Syrian mothers to silence their infants; and if a horse suddenly started from the way, his rider was wont to exclaim, "Dost thou think King Richard is in that bush?" His cruelty to the Mahometans was the effect of temper and zeal; but I cannot believe that a soldier so free and fearless in the use of his lance would have descended to whet a dagger against his valiant brother, Conrad of Montferrat, who was slain at Tyre by some secret assassins. After the surrender of Acre and the departure of Philip, the King of England led the Crusaders to the recovery of the sea-coast, and the cities of Cæsarea and Jaffa were added to the fragments of the kingdom of Lusignan. A march of one hundred miles from Acre to Ascalon was a great and perpetual battle of eleven days. In the disorder of his troops, Saladin remained on the field with seventeen guards, without lowering his standard or suspending the noise of his brazen kettle-drum. He again rallied and renewed the charge, and his preachers or heralds called aloud on the *unitarians* manfully to stand up against the Christian idolaters. But the progress of these idolaters was irresistible, and it was only by demolishing the walls and buildings of Ascalon that the sultan could prevent them from

occupying an important fortress on the confines of Egypt. During a severe winter the armies slept; but in the spring the Franks advanced within a day's march of Jerusalem, under the leading standard of the English king, and his active spirit intercepted a convoy or caravan of 7,000 camels. Saladin had fixed his station in the holy city, but the city was struck with consternation and discord. He fasted, he prayed, he preached, he offered to share the dangers of the siege; but his Mamelukes, who remembered the fate of their companions at Acre, pressed the sultan with loyal or seditious clamours to reserve *his* person and *their* courage for the future defence of their religion and empire.

The Moslems were delivered by the sudden, or as they deemed the miraculous, retreat of the Christians, and the laurels of Richard were blasted by the prudence or envy of his companions. The hero, ascending a hill and veiling his face, exclaimed with an indignant voice, "Those who are unwilling to rescue are unworthy to view the sepulchre of Christ."

After his return to Acre, on the news that Jaffa was surprised by the sultan, he sailed with some merchant vessels and leaped foremost on the beach: the castle was relieved by his presence, and 60,000 Turks and Saracens fled before his arms. The discovery of his weakness provoked them to return in the morning, and they found him carelessly encamped before the gates with only seventeen knights and three hundred archers. Without counting their numbers he sustained their charge, and we learn from the evidence of his enemies that the King of England rode furiously along



*King Richard and the Young Archer.*  
*(From the mural painting by John Cross in the Houses of Parliament.)*

their front from the right to the left wing without meeting an adversary who dared to encounter his career.

During these hostilities a languid and tedious negotiation between the Franks and Moslems was started and continued and broken, and again resumed and again broken. Some acts of royal courtesy, the gift of snow and fruit, the exchange of Norway hawks and Arabian horses softened the asperity of religious war. From the vicissitude of success, the monarchs might learn to suspect that Heaven was neutral in the quarrel; nor after the trial of each other could either hope for a decisive victory. The health both of Richard and Saladin appeared to be in a declining state, and they respectively suffered the evils of distant and domestic warfare. Plantagenet was impatient to punish a perfidious rival, who had invaded Normandy in his absence; and the indefatigable sultan was subdued by the cries of the people, who were the victims, and of the soldiers, who were the instruments, of his martial zeal. A personal interview was declined by Saladin, who alleged their mutual ignorance of each other's language; and the negotiation was managed with much art and delay by their interpreters and envoys. The final agreement was equally disapproved by the zealots of both parties, by the Roman pontiff and the caliph of Bagdad. It was stipulated that Jerusalem and the holy sepulchre should be open without tribute or vexation to the pilgrimage of the Latin Christians; that after the demolition of Ascalon they should inclusively possess the sea-coast from Jaffa to Tyre; that the Count of Tripoli and the Prince of

SALADIN AND RICHARD LION-HEART. 105

Antioch should be comprised in the truce; and that during three years and three months all hostilities should cease. Richard embarked for Europe to seek a long captivity and a premature grave; and the space of a few months concluded the life and glories of Saladin.

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

JAMES BOSWELL.

*Johnson at School and College.*

His schoolfellow, Mr. Hector, has obligingly furnished me with many particulars of his boyish days ; and assured me that he never knew him corrected at school but for talking and diverting other boys from their business. He seemed to learn by intuition ; for, though indolence and procrastination were inherent in his constitution, whenever he made an exertion he did more than any one else. His favourites used to receive very liberal assistance from him : and such was the submission and deference with which he was treated, such was the desire to obtain his regard, that three of the boys used to come in the morning as his humble attendants and carry him to school. He was uncommonly acquisitive, and his memory was so tenacious that he never forgot anything that he either heard or read. Mr. Hector remembers having recited to him eighteen verses which after a little pause he repeated verbatim. He never joined with the other boys in their ordinary diversions : his only amusement was in winter, when he took a pleasure in being drawn upon the ice by a boy bare-footed. His defective sight, indeed, prevented him from enjoying the common sports.

He went to Oxford and was entered a commoner of Pembroke College on the 31st of October, 1728, being then in his nineteenth year. His apartment in Pembroke College was that upon the second floor over the gateway. His poverty was so extreme that his shoes were worn out and his feet appeared through them, and he saw that this humiliating circumstance was perceived by the Christ Church men. He was too proud to accept of money, and somebody having set a pair of new shoes at his door, he threw them away with indignation. The *res angusta domi* prevented him from having the advantage of a complete academical education. The friend to whom he had trusted for support had deceived him. His debts in college, though not great, were increasing ; and the scanty remittances from Lichfield could be supplied no longer, his father having fallen into a state of insolvency. Compelled therefore by irresistible necessity, he left the college in December 1729 without a degree.

#### *Personal Characteristics.*

I SUPPOSE no one ever enjoyed tea with more relish than Johnson. The quantities which he drank of it at all hours were so great that his nerves must have been uncommonly strong not to have been relaxed by such an intemperate use of it. He has described himself as “a hardened and shameless tea-drinker, who has for many years diluted his meals with only the infusion of this fascinating plant: whose kettle has scarcely time to cool: who with tea amuses the evening,

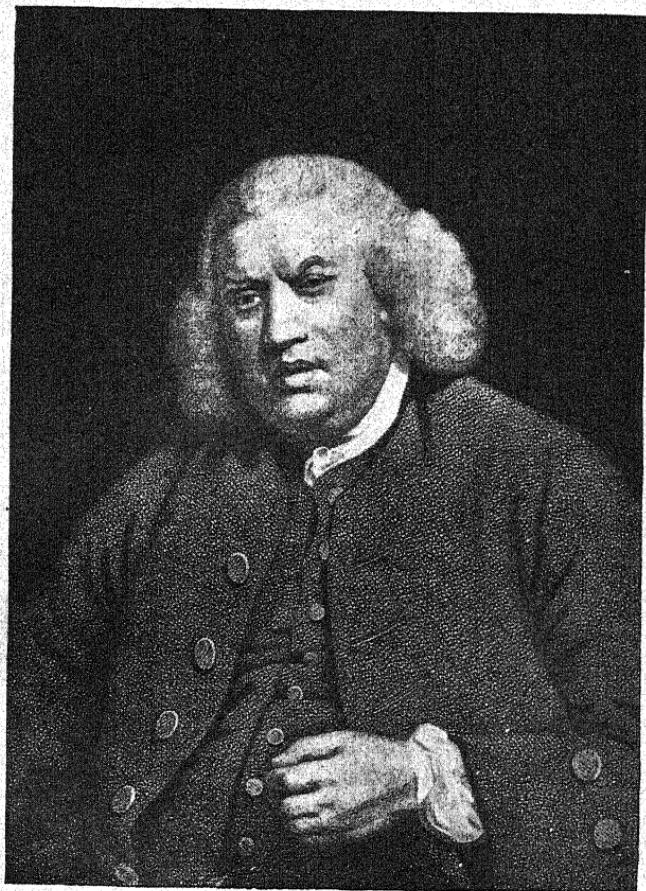
with tea solaces the midnight, and with tea welcomes the morning."

Many instances of his resolution may be mentioned. One night he was attacked in the street by four men, to whom he would not yield, but kept them all at bay till the watch came up. In the playhouse at Lichfield, Johnson having for a moment quitted a chair which had been placed for him, a gentleman took possession of it, and when Johnson on his return civilly demanded his seat, rudely refused to give it up: upon which Johnson laid hold of it and tossed him and the chair into the pit. Foote had resolved to imitate Johnson on the stage. Johnson being informed of his intention, and being at dinner at Mr. Thomas Davies's, the bookseller, he asked Mr. Davies what was the price of an oak stick; and being answered sixpence, "Why then, sir," said he, "give me leave to send your servant to purchase me a shilling one. I'll have a double quantity; for I am told Foote means to take me off, and I am determined the fellow shall not do it with impunity." Davies took care to acquaint Foote of this, which effectually checked the wantonness of the mimic.

#### *Some of Johnson's Sayings.*

I TOLD him I had been at a meeting of the people called Quakers, where I had heard a woman preach. Johnson: "Sir, a woman's preaching is like a dog walking on his hind legs. It is not done well; but you are surprised to find it done at all."

No saint in the course of his religious warfare was



*Samuel Johnson.*

more sensible of the unhappy failure of pious resolves than Johnson. He said one day, talking to an acquaintance on this subject, "Sir, hell is paved with good intentions."

One evening a gentleman-farmer and two others entertained themselves and the company with a great number of tunes on the fiddle. Johnson desired to have "Let ambition fire thy mind" played over again, and appeared to give a patient attention to it, though he owned to me that he was very insensible to the power of music. I told him that it affected me to such a degree as often to agitate my nerves painfully, producing in my mind alternate sensations of pathetic dejection, so that I was ready to shed tears; and of daring resolution, so that I was inclined to rush into the thickest part of the battle. "Sir," said he, "I should never hear it if it made me such a fool."

When the sale of Thrale's brewery was going forward, Johnson appeared bustling about, with an inkhorn and pen in his buttonhole, like an exciseman: and on being asked what he really considered to be the value of the property which was to be disposed of, answered, "We are not here to sell a parcel of boilers and vats, but the potentiality of growing rich beyond the dreams of avarice."

*Boswell's First Meeting with Johnson.*

ON Monday the 16th of May, when I was sitting in Mr. Davies's back-parlour, Johnson unexpectedly came into the shop: and Mr. Davies having perceived him

through the glass door in the room in which we were sitting advancing towards us, he announced his awful approach to me, somewhat in the manner of an actor in the part of Horatio, when he addresses Hamlet on the appearance of his father's ghost, "Look, my lord, it comes." I found that I had a very perfect idea of Johnson's figure from the portrait of him painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds, in the attitude of sitting in his easy-chair in deep meditation. Mr. Davies mentioned my name and respectfully introduced me to him. I was much agitated: and recollecting his prejudice against the Scotch, of which I had heard much, I said to Davies, "Don't tell where I come from." "From Scotland," cried Davies roguishly. "Mr. Johnson," said I, "I do indeed come from Scotland, but I cannot help it." I am willing to flatter myself that I meant this as light pleasantry to soothe and conciliate him, and not as a humiliating abasement at the expense of my country. But however that might be, this speech was somewhat unlucky; for with that quickness of wit for which he was so remarkable, he seized the expression "come from Scotland," which I used in the sense of being of that country, and as if I had said that I had come away from it, or left it, retorted, "That, sir, I find, is what a very great many of your countrymen cannot help." This stroke stunned me a good deal; and when we had sat down, I felt myself not a little embarrassed and apprehensive of what might come next. He then addressed himself to Davies: "What do you think of Garrick? He has refused me an order for the play for Miss Williams, because he knows the house will be full and that an order would be worth

three shillings." Eager to take any opening to get into conversation with him, I ventured to say, "O sir, I cannot think Mr. Garrick would grudge such a trifle to you." "Sir," said he, with a stern look, "I have known David Garrick longer than you have done, and I know no right you have to talk to me on the subject." Perhaps I deserved this check. Fortunately, however, I remained upon the field not wholly discomfited. For a part of the evening I was left alone with him, and ventured to make an observation now and then, which he received very civilly: so that I was satisfied that though there was a roughness in his manner, there was no ill-nature in his disposition. When I complained to Davies a little of the hard blows which the great man had given me, he kindly took upon him to console me by saying, "Don't be uneasy: I can see he likes you very well."

*Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield."*

"I RECEIVED one morning," Johnson told me, "a message from poor Goldsmith that he was in great distress, and as it was not in his power to come to me, begging that I would come to him as soon as possible. I sent him a guinea, and promised to come to him directly. I accordingly went as soon as I was dressed, and found that his landlady had arrested him for his rent, at which he was in a violent passion. I perceived that he had already changed my guinea and had a bottle of Madeira and a glass before him. I put the cork into the bottle, desired he would be calm, and began to talk to him of the means by which he might be

extricated. He then told me that he had a novel ready for the press, which he produced to me. I looked into it and saw its merit: told the landlady I should soon return, and having gone to a bookseller, sold it for sixty pounds. I brought Goldsmith the money and he discharged his rent, not without rating his landlady in a high tone for having used him so ill."

*The Letter to Lord Chesterfield.*

MY LORD,—I have been lately informed by the proprietor of the "World" that two papers, in which my "Dictionary" is recommended to the public, were written by your Lordship. To be so distinguished is an honour, which, being very little accustomed to favours from the great, I know not well how to receive, or in what terms to acknowledge.

When upon some slight encouragement, I first visited your Lordship, I was overpowered, like the rest of mankind, by the enchantment of your address, and could not forbear to wish that I might obtain that regard for which I saw the world contending; but I found my attendance so little encouraged, that neither pride nor modesty would suffer me to continue it. When I had once addressed your Lordship in public, I had exhausted all the art of pleasing which a retired and uncourtly scholar can possess. I had done all that I could; and no man is well pleased to have his all neglected, be it ever so little.

Seven years, my Lord, have now passed since I waited in your outward rooms, or was repulsed from your door; during which time I have been pushing on

my work through difficulties, of which it is useless to complain, and have brought it at last to the verge of publication, without one act of assistance, one word of encouragement, or one smile of favour. Such treatment I did not expect, for I never had a patron before.

The shepherd in Virgil grew at last acquainted with Love, and found him a native of the rocks.

Is not a patron, my Lord, one who looks with unconcern upon a man struggling for life in the water, and, when he has reached ground, encumbers him with help? The notice which you have been pleased to take of my labours, had it been early, had been kind; but it has been delayed till I am indifferent, and cannot enjoy it; till I am solitary, and cannot impart it; till I am known, and do not want it. I hope it is no very cynical asperity not to confess obligations where no benefit has been received, or to be unwilling that the public should consider me as owing that to a patron which providence has enabled me to do for myself.

Having carried on my work thus far with so little obligation to any favourer of learning, I shall not be disappointed though I should conclude it, if less be possible, with less; for I have been long wakened from that dream of hope, in which I once boasted myself with so much exultation, my Lord—Your Lordship's most humble, most obedient servant,

SAM. JOHNSON.

*The Dictionary.*

MR. ANDREW MILLAR, bookseller in the Strand, took the principal charge of conducting the publication of

Johnson's dictionary; and as the patience of the proprietors was repeatedly tried and almost exhausted by their expecting that the work would be completed within the time which Johnson had sanguinely supposed, the learned author was often goaded to dispatch, more especially as he had received all the copy-money by different drafts a considerable time before he had finished his task. When the messenger who carried the last sheet to Millar returned, Johnson asked him, "Well, what did he say?" "Sir," answered the messenger, he said, "Thank God I have done with him." "I am glad," replied Johnson with a smile, "that he thanks God for anything."

A few of his definitions must be admitted to be erroneous. Thus, *Windward* and *Leeward*, though directly of opposite meaning, are defined identically the same way as *towards the wind*. A lady once asked him how he came to define *Pastern* the *knee* of a horse; instead of making an elaborate defence, as she expected, he at once answered, "Ignorance, Madam; pure ignorance." His definition of *Network* as, "Anything reticulated or decupated at equal distances, with interstices between the intersections," has often been quoted with sportive malignity, as obscuring a thing in itself very plain. His introducing his own opinions and even prejudices under general definitions of words cannot be fully defended, and must be placed to the account of capricious and humorous indulgence. He thus defines *Excise*—"A hateful tax levied upon commodities and adjudged not by the common judges of property but wretches hired by those to whom *Excise* is paid." Let it, however, be remembered that this

indulgence does not display itself only in sarcasm towards others, but sometimes in playful allusion to the notions commonly entertained of his own laborious task. Thus: “*Grub-street*, the name of a street in London, much inhabited by writers of small histories, dictionaries, and temporary poems: whence any mean production is called *Grub-street*.” “*Lexicographer*, a writer of dictionaries, a harmless drudge.”

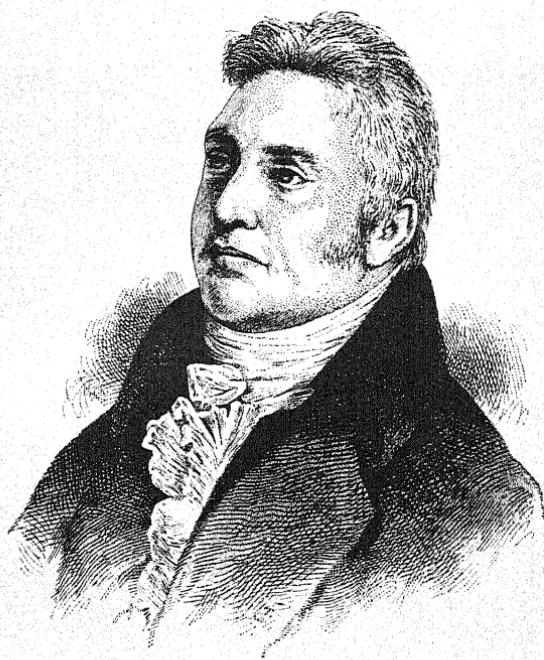
## *SCHOOLDAYS.*

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

AFTER the death of my father, we, of course, changed houses, and I remained with my mother till the spring of 1782 and was a day scholar to Parson Warren, my father's successor. Somewhere, I think, about April 1782 Judge Buller, who had been educated by my father, sent for me, having procured a Christ's Hospital presentation. I accordingly went to London, and was received and entertained by my mother's brother, Mr. Bowdon. He was generous as the air and a man of very considerable talents: but he was fond, as others have been, of his bottle. He received me with great affection, and I stayed ten weeks at his house, during which I went occasionally to Judge Buller's. My uncle was very proud of me, and used to carry me from coffee-house to coffee-house and tavern to tavern, where I drank and talked and disputed as if I had been a man. Nothing was more common than for a large party to exclaim in my hearing that I was a prodigy and so forth: so that while I remained at my uncle's I was most completely spoilt and pampered, both mind and body.

At length the time came, and I donned the blue coat and yellow stockings and was sent down to Hertford, a town twenty miles from London, where there are about 300 of the younger Blue-coat boys. At Hertford I was

very happy on the whole, for I had plenty to eat and drink, and we had pudding and vegetables almost every day. I remained there six weeks, and then was drafted up to the great school in London, where I arrived in September 1782, and was placed in the second ward, then called Jefferies' Ward, and in the Under Grammar School. There are twelve wards or dormitories, of unequal sizes, besides the sick ward, in the great school; and they contained altogether 700 boys, of whom I think nearly one-third were the sons of clergymen. There are five schools—mathematical, grammar, drawing, reading, and writing—all very large buildings. When a boy is admitted, if he reads very badly he is either sent to Hertford or to the Reading School. Boys are admissible from seven to twelve years of age. If he learns to read tolerably well before nine, he is drafted into the Lower Grammar School; if not, into the Writing School, as having given proof of unfitness for classical studies. If, before he is eleven, he climbs up to the first form of the Lower Grammar School, he is drafted into the Head Grammar School. If not, at eleven years of age he is sent into the Writing School, where he continues till fourteen or fifteen, and is then either apprenticed or articled as a clerk or whatever else his turn of mind or of fortune shall have provided for him. Two or three times a year the mathematical master beats up for recruits for the King's boys, as they are called; and all who like the navy are drafted into the Mathematical and Drawing Schools, where they continue till sixteen or seventeen years of age, and go out as midshipmen and schoolmasters in the navy. The boys who are drafted into the Head Grammar



*Samuel Taylor Coleridge.*

School remain there till thirteen, and then, if not chosen for the University, go into the Writing School.

Each dormitory has a nurse or matron, and there is a head matron to superintend all these nurses. The boys were, when I was admitted, under excessive subordination to each other according to rank in school; and every ward was governed by four monitors, appointed by the steward, who was the supreme governor out of school—our temporal lord—and by four markers, who wore silver medals and were appointed by the head grammar master, who was our supreme spiritual lord. The same boys were commonly both monitors and markers. We read in classes on Sundays to our markers, and were catechised by them and under their sole authority during prayers, etc.

All other authority was in the monitors; but, as I said, the same boys were ordinarily both the one and the other. Our diet was very scanty. Every morning a bit of dry bread and some bad small beer. Every evening a larger piece of bread and cheese or butter, whichever we liked. For dinner, on Sunday, boiled beef and broth; Monday, bread and butter and milk and water; Tuesday, roast mutton; Wednesday, bread and butter and rice milk; Thursday, boiled beef and broth; Friday, boiled mutton and broth; Saturday, bread and butter and pease-porridge. Our food was portioned; and excepting on Wednesdays I never had a stomach full. Our appetites were damped, never satisfied, and we had no vegetables.

From eight to fourteen I was a playless day-dreamer, a *helluo librorum*, my appetite for which was indulged by a singular incident: a stranger who was struck by

my conversation made me free of a circulating library in King Street, Cheapside. I read *through* the catalogue, folios and all, whether I understood them or did not understand them, running all risks in skulking out to get the two volumes which I was entitled to have daily. Conceive what I must have been at fourteen—I was in a continual low fever. My whole being was, with eyes closed to every object of present sense, to crumple myself up in a sunny corner and read, read, read: fancy myself on Robinson Crusoe's island, finding a mountain of plum-cake and eating a room for myself!

My talents and superiority made me for ever at the head in my routine of study, though utterly without the desire to be so, without a spark of ambition. Against my will, I was chosen by my master as one of those destined for the University; and about this time my brother Luke, or "the Doctor," so called from his infancy, because being the seventh son he had from his infancy been dedicated to the medical profession, came to town to walk the London Hospital under the care of Sir William Blizzard. Every Saturday I could make or obtain leave to the London Hospital trudged I. Oh the bliss if I was permitted to hold the plasters or to attend the dressings. I became wild to be apprenticed to a surgeon. English, Latin—yea, Greek books of medicine read I incessantly. Blanchard's "Latin Medical Dictionary" I had nearly by heart. Briefly, it was a wild dream, which gradually blending with, gradually gave way to a rage for metaphysics, occasioned by the essays on Liberty and Necessity in Cato's Letters and more by theology. After I had read Voltaire's "Philosophical Dictionary" I sported infidel!

I had *one* just flogging. When I was about thirteen I went to a shoemaker and begged him to take me as his apprentice. He being an honest man, immediately brought me to Bowyer, who got into a great rage, knocked me down, and even pushed Crispin rudely out of the room. Bowyer asked me why I had made myself such a fool. To which I answered that I had a great desire to be a shoemaker, and that I hated the thought of being a clergyman. "Why so?" said he. "Because, to tell you the truth, sir," said I, "I am an infidel!" For this, without more ado, Bowyer flogged me—wisely, as I think; soundly, as I know. Any whining or sermonizing would have gratified my vanity and confirmed me in my absurdity; as it was, I was laughed at and got heartily ashamed of my folly.

The discipline at Christ's Hospital in my time was ultra-Spartan: all domestic ties were to be put aside. "Boy," I remember Bowyer saying to me once when I was crying the first day of my return after the holidays—"boy, the school is your father! Boy, the school is your mother! Boy, the school is your brother! the school is your sister! the school is your first cousin and your second cousin and all the rest of your relations! Let's have no more crying!"

## THE DEATH OF NELSON.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

SOON after daylight Nelson came upon deck. The 21st of October was a festival in his family, because on that day his uncle, Captain Suckling, in the *Dreadnought*, with two other line-of-battle ships, had beaten off a French squadron of four sail of the line and three frigates. Nelson, with that sort of superstition from which few persons are entirely exempt, had more than once expressed his persuasion that this was to be the day of his battle also; and he was well pleased at seeing his prediction about to be verified. The wind was now from the west, light breezes, with a long heavy swell. Signal was made to bear down upon the enemy in two lines; and the fleet set all sail. Collingwood, in the *Royal Sovereign*, led the lee line of thirteen ships; the *Victory* led the weather line of fourteen. Having seen that all was as it should be, Nelson retired to his cabin, and wrote the following prayer:

“ May the great God, whom I worship, grant to my country, and for the benefit of Europe in general, a great and glorious victory, and may no misconduct in any one tarnish it; and may humanity, after victory, be the predominant feature in the British fleet! For myself individually, I commit my life to Him that made me; and may His blessings alight on my endeavours for

serving my country faithfully ! To Him I resign myself and the just cause which is entrusted to me to defend. Amen ! Amen ! Amen !”

Blackwood went on board the *Victory* about six. He found him in good spirits, but very calm ; not in that exhilaration which he had felt upon entering into battle at Aboukir and Copenhagen : he knew that his own life would be particularly aimed at, and seems to have looked for death with almost as sure an expectation as for victory. His whole attention was fixed upon the enemy. They tacked to the northward, and formed their line on the larboard tack ; thus bringing the shoals of Trafalgar and St. Pedro under the lee of the British, and keeping the port of Cadiz open for themselves. This was judiciously done : and Nelson, aware of all the advantages which it gave them, made signal to prepare to anchor.

Villeneuve was a skilful seaman ; worthy of serving a better master, and a better cause. His plan of defence was as well conceived, and as original, as the plan of attack. He formed the fleet in a double line ; every alternate ship being about a cable's length to windward of her second ahead and astern. Nelson, certain of a triumphant issue to the day, asked Blackwood what he should consider as a victory. That officer answered, that, considering the handsome way in which battle was offered by the enemy, their apparent determination for a fair trial of strength, and the situation of the land, he thought it would be a glorious result if fourteen were captured. He replied : “ I shall not be satisfied with less than twenty.” Soon afterwards he asked him if



*Nelson taking Leave of his Grandmother.*  
(From the picture by George W. Joy. By permission of the artist.)

he did not think there was a signal wanting. Captain Blackwood made answer that he thought the whole fleet seemed very clearly to understand what they were about. These words were scarcely spoken before that signal was made which will be remembered as long as the language or even the memory of England shall endure;—Nelson's last signal:—“ENGLAND EXPECTS EVERY MAN TO DO HIS DUTY!” It was received throughout the fleet with a shout of answering acclamation, made sublime by the spirit which it breathed, and the feeling which it expressed. “Now,” said Lord Nelson, “I can do no more. We must trust to the great Disposer of all events and the justice of our cause. I thank God for this great opportunity of doing my duty.”

He wore that day, as usual, his admiral's frock coat, bearing on the left breast four stars, of the different orders with which he was invested. Ornaments which rendered him so conspicuous a mark for the enemy were beheld with ominous apprehensions by his officers. It was known that there were riflemen on board the French ships; and it could not be doubted but that his life would be particularly aimed at. They communicated their fears to each other; and the surgeon, Mr. Beatty, spoke to the chaplain, Dr. Scott, and to Mr. Scott, the public secretary, desiring that some person would entreat him to change his dress, or cover the stars; but they knew that such a request would highly displease him. “In honour I gained them,” he had said, when such a thing had been hinted to him formerly, “and in honour I will die with them.” Mr. Beatty, however, would not have been deterred by any fear of exciting his displeasure, from speaking to

him himself upon a subject in which the weal of England, as well as the life of Nelson, was concerned ; but he was ordered from the deck before he could find an opportunity. This was a point upon which Nelson's officers knew that it was hopeless to remonstrate or reason with him ; but both Blackwood and his own captain, Hardy, represented to him how advantageous to the fleet it would be for him to keep out of action as long as possible ; and he consented at last to let the *Leviathan* and the *Téméraire*, which were sailing abreast of the *Victory*, be ordered to pass ahead. Yet even here the last infirmity of this noble mind was indulged, for these ships could not pass ahead if the *Victory* continued to carry all her sail ; and so far was Nelson from shortening sail, that it was evident he took pleasure in pressing on, and rendering it impossible for them to obey his own orders. A long swell was setting into the bay of Cadiz : our ships, crowding all sail, moved majestically before it, with light winds from the south-west. The sun shone on the sails of the enemy ; and their well-formed line, with their numerous three-deckers, made an appearance which any other assailants would have thought formidable ;—but the British sailors only admired the beauty and the splendour of the spectacle ; and, in full confidence of winning what they saw, remarked to each other what a fine sight yonder ships would make at Spithead !

The French admiral, from the *Bucentaure*, beheld the new manner in which his enemy was advancing—Nelson and Collingwood each leading his line ; and pointing them out to his officers, he is said to have exclaimed that such conduct could not fail to be suc-

cessful. Yet Villeneuve had made his own dispositions with the utmost skill, and the fleets under his command waited for the attack with perfect coolness. Ten minutes before twelve they opened their fire. Eight or nine ships immediately ahead of the *Victory*, and across her bows, fired single guns at her, to ascertain whether she was yet within their range. As soon as Nelson perceived that their shot passed over him, he desired Blackwood, and Captain Prowse of the *Sirius*, to repair to their respective frigates ; and, on their way, to tell all the captains of the line-of-battle ships that he depended on their exertions ; and that if, by the prescribed mode of attack, they found it impracticable to get into action immediately, they might adopt whatever they thought best, provided it led them quickly and closely alongside an enemy. As they were standing on the front of the poop, Blackwood took him by the hand, saying he hoped soon to return and find him in possession of twenty prizes. He replied, "God bless you, Blackwood ; I shall never see you again."

Nelson's column was steered about two points more to the north than Collingwood's, in order to cut off the enemy's escape into Cadiz : the lee line, therefore, was first engaged. "See," cried Nelson, pointing to the *Royal Sovereign*, as she steered right for the centre of the enemy's line, cut through it astern of the *Santa Anna*, three-decker, and engaged her at the muzzle of her guns on the starboard side :— "See how that noble fellow, Collingwood, carries his ship into action!" Collingwood, delighted at being first in the heat of the fire, and knowing the feelings of his commander and old friend, turned to his captain, and exclaimed :

“Rotherham, what would Nelson give to be here!” Both these brave officers, perhaps, at this moment thought of Nelson with gratitude, for a circumstance which had occurred on the preceding day. Admiral Collingwood, with some of the captains, having gone on board the *Victory* to receive instructions, Nelson inquired of him where his captain was ; and was told, in reply, that they were not upon good terms with each other. “Terms!” said Nelson ; “good terms with each other!” Immediately he sent a boat for Captain Rotherham ; led him, as soon as he arrived, to Collingwood ; and saying, “Look ; yonder are the enemy!” bade them shake hands like Englishmen.

The enemy continued to fire a gun at a time at the *Victory*, till they saw that a shot had passed through her main-top-gallant sail ; then they opened their broadsides, aiming chiefly at her rigging, in the hope of disabling her before she could close with them. Nelson, as usual, had hoisted several flags, lest one should be shot away. The enemy showed no colours till late in the action, when they began to feel the necessity of having them to strike. For this reason the *Santissima Trinidad*, Nelson’s old acquaintance, as he used to call her, was distinguishable only by her four decks ; and to the bow of this opponent he ordered the *Victory* to be steered. Meantime an incessant raking fire was kept up upon the *Victory*. The admiral’s secretary was one of the first who fell ; he was killed by a cannon-shot while conversing with Hardy. Captain Adair of the marines, with the help of a sailor, endeavoured to remove the body from Nelson’s sight, who had a great regard for Mr. Scott ;

but he anxiously asked: "Is that poor Scott that's gone?" and being informed that it was indeed so, exclaimed: "Poor fellow!" Presently a double-headed shot struck a party of marines, who were drawn up on the poop, and killed eight of them; upon which Nelson immediately desired Captain Adair to disperse his men round the ship, that they might not suffer so much from being together. A few minutes afterwards a shot struck the fore-brace bits on the quarter-deck, and passed between Nelson and Hardy, a splinter from the bit tearing off Hardy's buckle, and bruising his foot. Both stopped and looked anxiously at each other: each supposed the other to be wounded. Nelson then smiled, and said, "This is too warm work, Hardy, to last long."

The *Victory* had not yet returned a single gun; fifty of her men had been by this time killed or wounded, and her main-top mast, with all her studding sails and her booms, shot away. Nelson declared that, in all his battles, he had seen nothing which surpassed the cool courage of his crew on this occasion. At four minutes after twelve she opened her fire from both sides of her deck. It was not possible to break the enemy's line without running on board one of their ships. Hardy informed him of this, and asked him which he would prefer. Nelson replied: "Take your choice, Hardy; it does not signify much." The master was ordered to put the helm to port, and the *Victory* ran on board the *Redoutable*, just as her tiller ropes were shot away. The French ship received her with a broadside; then instantly let down her lower deck ports, for fear of being boarded through them, and never afterwards fired a great gun during the action. Her tops, like those of

all the enemy's ships, were filled with riflemen. Nelson never placed musketry in his tops. He had a strong dislike to the practice ; not merely because it endangers setting fire to the sails, but also because it is a murderous sort of warfare, by which individuals may suffer, and a commander now and then be picked off, but which never can decide the fate of a general engagement.

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It had been part of Nelson's prayer that the British fleet might be distinguished by humanity in the victory which he expected. Setting an example himself, he twice gave orders to cease firing upon the *Redoutable*, supposing that she had struck, because her great guns were silent ; for, as she carried no flag, there was no means of instantly ascertaining the fact. From this ship, which he had thus twice spared, he received his death. A ball fired from her mizen-top, which, in the then situation of the two vessels, was not more than fifteen yards from that part of the deck where he was standing, struck the epaulette on his left shoulder, about a quarter after one, just in the heat of action. He fell upon his face, on the spot which was covered with his poor secretary's blood. Hardy, who was a few steps from him, turning round, saw three men raising him up. "They have done for me at last, Hardy," said he. "I hope not," cried Hardy. "Yes !" he replied ; "my backbone is shot through." Yet even now, not for a moment losing his presence of mind, he observed, as they were carrying him down the ladder, that the tiller ropes, which had been shot away, were not yet replaced, and ordered that new ones should be rove immediately ; then, that he might not be seen by the

crew, he took out his handkerchief and covered his face and his stars. Had he but concealed these badges of honour from the enemy, England, perhaps, would not have had cause to receive with sorrow the news of the battle of Trafalgar. The cockpit was crowded with wounded and dying men, over whose bodies he was with some difficulty conveyed, and laid upon a pallet in the midshipmen's berth. It was soon perceived, upon examination, that the wound was mortal. This, however, was concealed from all except Captain Hardy, the chaplain, and the medical attendants. He himself being certain, from the sensation in his back, and the gush of blood he felt momently within his breast, that no human care could avail him, insisted that the surgeon should leave him, and attend to those to whom he might be useful; "For," said he, "you can do nothing for me." All that could be done was to fan him with paper, and frequently to give him lemonade to alleviate his intense thirst. He was in great pain, and expressed much anxiety for the event of the action, which now began to declare itself. As often as a ship struck, the crew of the *Victory* hurrahed; and at every hurrah a visible expression of joy gleamed in the eyes and marked the countenance of the dying hero. But he became impatient to see Captain Hardy; and as that officer, though often sent for, could not leave the deck, Nelson feared that some fatal cause prevented him, and repeatedly cried: "Will no one bring Hardy to me? He must be killed! He is surely dead!" An hour and ten minutes elapsed from the time when Nelson received his wound before Hardy could come to him. They shook hands in silence, Hardy in vain

struggling to suppress the feelings of that most painful and yet sublimest moment. "Well, Hardy," said Nelson, "how goes the day with us?" "Very well," replied Hardy, "ten ships have struck; but five of their van have tacked, and show an intention to bear down upon the *Victory*. I have called two or three of our fresh ships round, and have no doubt of giving them a drubbing." "I hope," said Nelson, "none of our ships have struck?" Hardy answered, "There was no fear of that." Then, and not till then, Nelson spoke of himself. "I am a dead man, Hardy," said he: "I am going fast; it will be all over with me soon. Come nearer to me. Let my dear Lady Hamilton have my hair, and all other things belonging to me." Hardy observed that he hoped Mr. Beatty could yet hold out some prospect of life. "Oh no!" he replied; "it is impossible. My back is shot through. Beatty will tell you so." Captain Hardy then, once more, shook hands with him; and, with a heart almost bursting, hastened upon deck.

By this time all feeling below the breast was gone, and Nelson, having made the surgeon ascertain this, said to him: "You know I am gone; I know it. I feel something rising in my breast"—putting his hand on his left side—"which tells me so." And upon Beatty's inquiring whether his pain was very great, he replied, "So great, that he wished he was dead. Yet," said he, in a lower voice, "one would like to live a little longer too!" And after a few minutes, in the same undertone, he added: "What would become of poor Lady Hamilton if she knew my situation!" Next to his country she occupied his thoughts. Captain

Hardy, some fifty minutes after he had left the cockpit, returned; and, again taking the hand of his dying friend and commander, congratulated him on having gained a complete victory. How many of the enemy were taken he did not know, as it was impossible to perceive them distinctly; but fourteen or fifteen at least. "That's well," cried Nelson, "but I bargained for twenty." And then, in a stronger voice, he said: "Anchor, Hardy; anchor." Hardy, upon this, hinted that Admiral Collingwood would take upon himself the direction of affairs. "Not while I live, Hardy," said the dying Nelson, ineffectually endeavouring to raise himself from the bed: "Do you anchor." His previous order for preparing to anchor had shown how clearly he foresaw the necessity of this. Presently, calling Hardy back, he said to him in a low voice, "Don't throw me overboard:" and he desired that he might be buried by his parents, unless it should please the king to order otherwise. Then reverting to private feelings: "Take care of my dear Lady Hamilton, Hardy: take care of poor Lady Hamilton. Kiss me, Hardy," said he. Hardy knelt down and kissed his cheek, and Nelson said, "Now I am satisfied. Thank God I have done my duty." Hardy stood over him in silence for a moment or two, then knelt again and kissed his forehead. "Who is that?" said Nelson; and being informed, he replied, "God bless you, Hardy." And Hardy then left him—for ever.

Nelson now desired to be turned upon his right side, and said, "I wish I had not left the deck; for I shall soon be gone." Death was, indeed, rapidly approaching. He said to the chaplain, "Doctor, I have *not*

been a *great* sinner ;" and after a short pause, "Remember that I leave Lady Hamilton and my daughter Horatia as a legacy to my country." His articulation now became difficult ; but he was distinctly heard to say, "Thank God I have done my duty." These words he repeatedly pronounced ; and they were the last which he uttered. He expired at thirty minutes after four—three hours and a quarter after he had received his wound.

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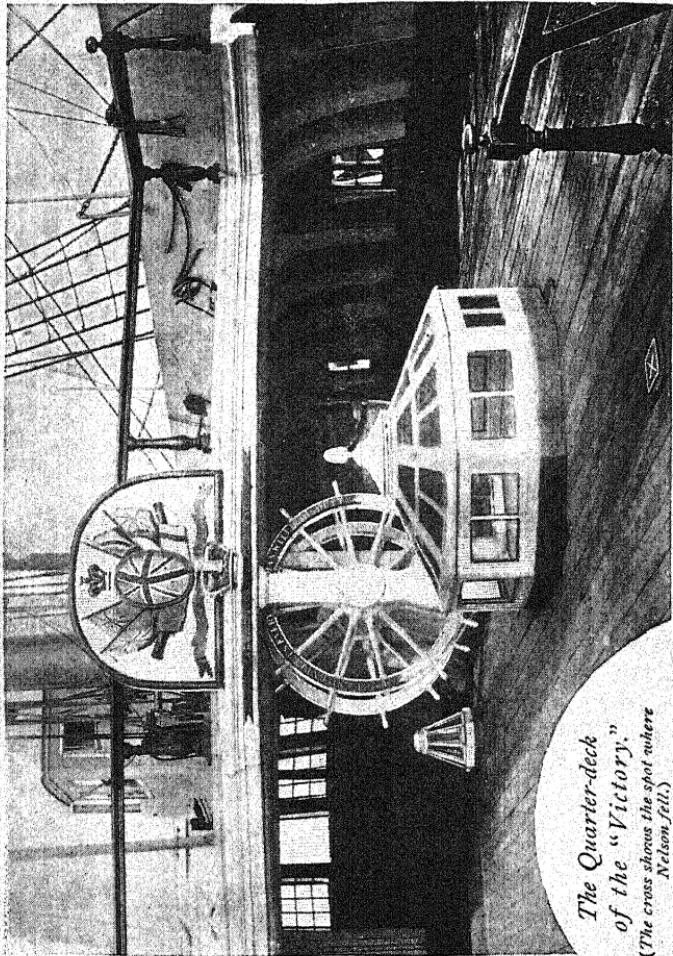
Once, amidst his sufferings, Nelson had expressed a wish that he were dead ; but immediately the spirit subdued the pains of death, and he wished to live a little longer—doubtless that he might hear the completion of the victory which he had seen so gloriously begun. That consolation, that joy, that triumph, was afforded him. He lived to know that the victory was decisive ; and the last guns which were fired at the flying enemy were heard a minute or two before he expired.

\* \* \* \* \*

The total British loss in the battle of Trafalgar amounted to one thousand five hundred and eighty-seven. Twenty of the enemy struck ; unhappily the fleet did not anchor, as Nelson, almost with his dying breath, had enjoined ;—a gale came on from the southwest ; some of the prizes went down ; some went on shore ; one effected its escape into Cadiz ; others were destroyed ; four only were saved, and those by the greatest exertions. The wounded Spaniards were sent ashore, an assurance being given that they should not serve till regularly exchanged ; and the Spaniards, with a generous feeling which would not, perhaps, have been

found in any other people, offered the use of their hospitals for our wounded, pledging the honour of Spain that they should be carefully attended there. When the storm, after the action, drove some of the prizes upon the coast, they declared that the English, who were thus thrown into their hands, should not be considered as prisoners of war ; and the Spanish soldiers gave up their own beds to their shipwrecked enemies. The Spanish vice-admiral, Alava, died of his wounds. Villeneuve was sent to England, and permitted to return to France. The French Government say that he destroyed himself on the way to Paris, dreading the consequences of a court-martial ; but there is every reason to believe that the tyrant, who never acknowledged the loss of the battle of Trafalgar, added Villeneuve to the numerous victims of his murderous policy.

It is almost superfluous to add that all the honours which a grateful country could bestow were heaped upon the memory of Nelson. His brother was made an earl, with a grant of £6,000 a year ; £10,000 were voted to each of his sisters ; and £100,000 for the purchase of an estate. A public funeral was decreed, and a public monument. Statues and monuments also were voted by most of our principal cities. The leaden coffin in which he was brought home was cut in pieces, which were distributed as relics of Saint Nelson—so the gunner of the *Victory* called them ; and when, at his interment, his flag was about to be lowered into the grave, the sailors who assisted at the ceremony with one accord rent it in pieces, that each might preserve a fragment while he lived.



*The Quarter-deck  
of the "Victory."  
(The cross shows the spot where  
Nelson fell.)*

The death of Nelson was felt in England as something more than a public calamity ; men started at the intelligence, and turned pale, as if they had heard of the loss of a dear friend. An object of our admiration and affection, of our pride and of our hopes, was suddenly taken from us ; and it seemed as if we had never, till then, known how deeply we loved and reverenced him. What the country had lost in its great naval hero—the greatest of our own, and of all former times—was scarcely taken into the account of grief. So perfectly, indeed, had he performed his part, that the maritime war, after the battle of Trafalgar, was considered at an end : the fleets of the enemy were not merely defeated, but destroyed. New navies must be built, and a new race of seamen reared for them, before the possibility of their invading our shores could again be contemplated. It was not, therefore, from any selfish reflection upon the magnitude of our loss that we mourned for him ; the general sorrow was of a higher character. The people of England grieved that funeral ceremonies, and public monuments, and posthumous rewards were all which they could now bestow upon him whom the king, the legislature, and the nation would have alike delighted to honour ; whom every tongue would have blessed ; whose presence in every village through which he might have passed would have awakened the church-bells, have given school-boys a holiday, have drawn children from their sports to gaze upon him, and “old men from the chimney corner” to look upon Nelson ere they died. The victory of Trafalgar was celebrated, indeed, with the usual forms of rejoicing, but they were without joy ;

for such already was the glory of the British navy, through Nelson's surpassing genius, that it scarcely seemed to receive any addition from the most signal victory that ever was achieved upon the seas: and the destruction of this mighty fleet, by which all the maritime schemes of France were totally frustrated, hardly appeared to add to our security or strength; for, while Nelson was living, to watch the combined squadrons of the enemy, we felt ourselves as secure as now, when they were no longer in existence.

There was reason to suppose, from the appearances upon opening the body, that, in the course of nature, he might have attained, like his father, to a good old age. Yet he cannot be said to have fallen prematurely whose work was done; nor ought he to be lamented, who died so full of honours, and at the height of human fame. The most triumphant death is that of the martyr; the most awful that of the martyred patriot; the most splendid that of the hero in the hour of victory: and if the chariot and the horses of fire had been vouchsafed for Nelson's translation, he could scarcely have departed in a brighter blaze of glory. He has left us, not indeed his mantle of inspiration, but a name and an example which are at this hour inspiring thousands of the youth of England; a name which is our pride, and an example which will continue to be our shield and our strength. Thus it is that the spirits of the great and the wise continue to live and to act after them; verifying, in this sense, the language of the old mythologist,—

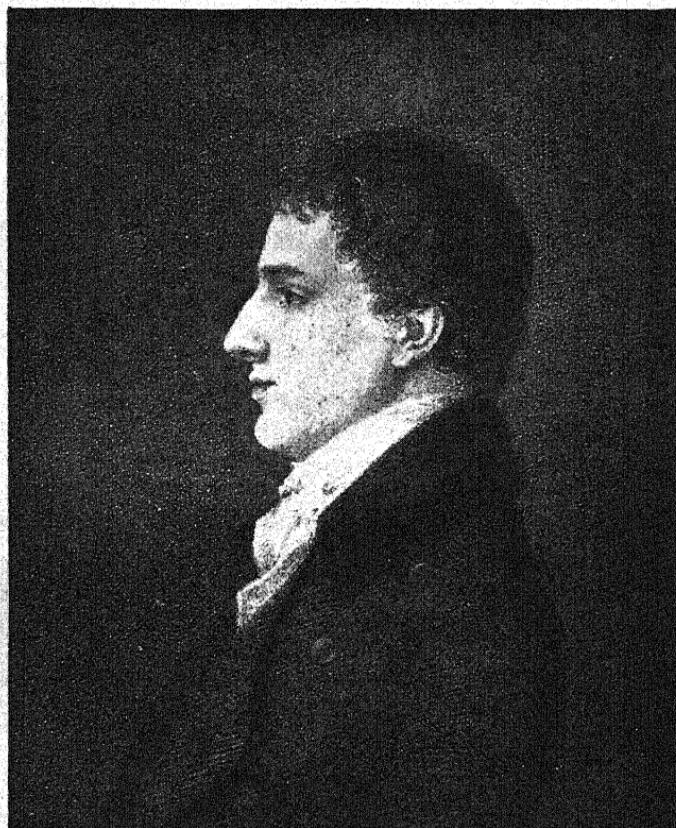
Surely there are heroes, through great Zeus' counsels  
Noble dwellers upon the earth, guardians of mortal men.

## *CHRIST'S HOSPITAL.*

CHARLES LAMB.

IN Mr. Lamb's "Works," published a year or two since, I find a magnificent eulogy on my old school, such as it was or now appears to him to have been, between the years 1782 and 1789. It happens, very oddly, that my own standing at Christ's was nearly corresponding with his: and with all gratitude to him for his enthusiasm for the cloisters, I think he has contrived to bring together whatever can be said in praise of them, dropping all the other side of the argument most ingeniously.

I remember L—— at school, and can well recollect that he had some peculiar advantages which I and other of his school-fellows had not. His friends lived in town, and were near at hand; and he had the privilege of going to see them almost as often as he wished, through some invidious distinction, which was denied to us. He had his tea and hot rolls in the morning, while we were battening upon our quarter of a penny loaf—our *cruge*—moistened with attenuated small beer in wooden piggins, smacking of the pitched leathern jack it was poured from. Our Monday's milk porritch, blue and tasteless, and the pease-soup of Saturday, coarse and choking, were enriched for him with a slice of "extra-ordinary bread and butter" from the hot loaf of the Temple. The Wednesday's mess of millet, somewhat less repugnant (we had three banyan to four meat days



*Charles Lamb as a young man.*

in the week), was endeared to his palate with a lump of double-refined, and a smack of ginger (to make it go down the more glibly) or the fragrant cinnamon. In lieu of our *half-pickled* Sundays or *quite fresh* boiled beef on Thursdays (strong as *caro equina*), with detestable marigolds floating in the pail to poison the broth—our scanty mutton scraggs on Fridays—and rather more savoury but grudging portions of the same flesh, rotten-roasted or rare, on the Tuesdays (the only dish which excited our appetites and disappointed our stomachs in almost equal proportion)—he had his hot plate of roast veal, or the more tempting griskin (exotics unknown to our palates), cooked in the paternal kitchen (a great thing) and brought him daily by his maid or aunt. I remember the good old relative (in whom love forbade pride) squatted down upon some odd stone in a by-nook of the cloisters, disclosing the viands (of higher regale than those cates which the ravens ministered to the Tishbite), and the contending passions of L—— at the unfolding. There was love for the bringer; shame for the thing brought, and the manner of its bringing; sympathy for those who were too many to share in it; and, at top of all, hunger (oldest, strongest of the passions!) predominant, breaking down the stony fences of shame and awkwardness and a troubling over-consciousness.

L——'s governor (so we called the patron who presented us to the foundation) lived in a manner under his paternal roof. Any complaint which he had to make was sure of being attended to. This was understood at Christ's, and was an effectual screen to him against the severity of masters or worse tyranny of the monitors.

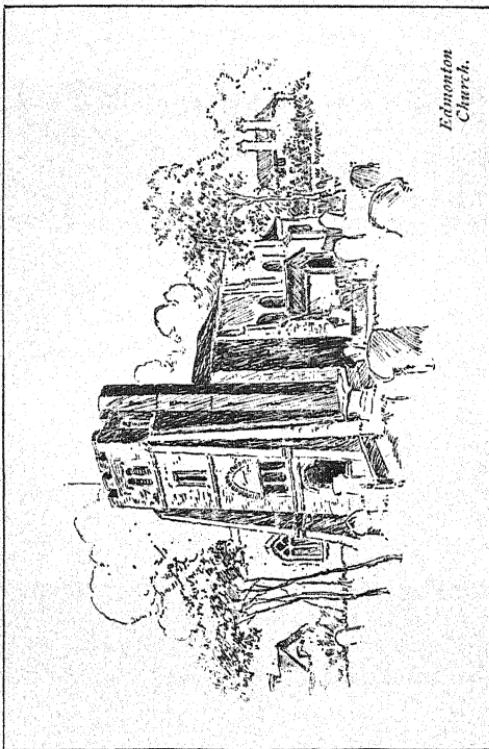
The oppressions of these young brutes are heart-sickening to call to recollection. I have been called out of my bed, and *waked for the purpose*, in the coldest winter nights—and this not once but night after night—in my shirt to receive the discipline of a leathern thong, with eleven other sufferers, because it pleased my callous overseer, when there has been any talking heard after we were gone to bed, to make the six last beds in the dormitory, where the youngest children of us slept, answerable for an offence they neither dared to commit nor had the power to hinder. The same execrable tyranny drove the younger part of us from the fires, when our feet were perishing with snow, and under the cruellest penalties forbade the indulgence of a drink of water when we lay in sleepless summer nights, fevered with the season and the day's sports.

L—— has recorded the repugnance of the school to *gags*, or the fat of fresh beef boiled, and sets it down to some superstition. But these unctuous morsels are never grateful to young palates (children are universally fat-haters), and in strong, coarse boiled meats, *unsalted*, are detestable. A *gag-eater* in our time was equivalent to a *ghoul*, and held in equal detestation. A certain — suffered under the imputation :

—'twas said  
He ate strange flesh.

He was observed after dinner carefully to gather up the remnants left at his table (not many, nor very choice fragments, you may credit me), and in an especial manner these *disreputable morsels*, which he would convey away, and secretly stow in the settle that stood at his bedside.

None saw when he ate them. It was rumoured that he privately devoured them in the night. He was watched, but no traces of such midnight practices were discoverable. Some reported that, on leave-days, he had been seen to carry out of the bounds a large blue check handkerchief full of something. This then must be the accursed thing. Conjecture next was at work to imagine how he could dispose of it. Some said he sold it to the beggars. This belief generally prevailed. He went about moping. None spake to him. No one would play with him. He was excommunicated; put out of the pale of the school. He was too powerful a boy to be beaten, but he underwent every mode of that negative punishment which is more grievous than many stripes. Still he persevered. At length he was observed by two of his school-fellows, who were determined to get at the secret, and had traced him one leave-day for that purpose, to enter a large worn-out building with open door and a common stair-case. After him they silently slunk in, and followed by stealth up four flights, and saw him tap at a poor wicket, which was opened by an aged woman, meanly clad. Suspicion was now ripened into certainty. The informers had secured their victim. They had him in their coils. Accusation was formally preferred, and retribution most signal was looked for. Mr. Hathaway, the then steward, with that patient sagacity which tempered all his conduct, determined to investigate the matter before he proceeded to sentence. The result was that the supposed mendicants, the receivers or purchasers of the mysterious scraps, turned out to be the parents of —, an honest couple come to decay, whom this seasonable supply had, in all probability, saved from



*Ealington  
Church.*

mendicancy ; and that this young stork, at the expense of his own good name, had all this while been only feeding the old birds ! The governors on this occasion, much to their honour, voted a present relief to the family of —— and presented him with a silver medal. The lesson which the steward read upon RASH JUDGMENT on the occasion of publicly delivering the medal to —— I believe would not be lost upon his auditory. I had left school then, but I well remember ——. He was a tall, shambling youth, with a cast in his eye, not at all calculated to conciliate hostile prejudices. I have since seen him carrying a baker's basket. I think I heard he did not do quite so well by himself as he had done by the old folks.

## *THE BATTLE OF CORUÑA.*

SIR WILLIAM NAPIER.

As the troops approached Coruña the general's looks were directed towards the harbour. An open expanse of water painfully convinced him that to Fortune at least he was no way beholden: contrary winds detained the fleet at Vigo, and the last consuming exertion made by the army was thus rendered useless. The men were now put into quarters, and their leader awaited the progress of events.

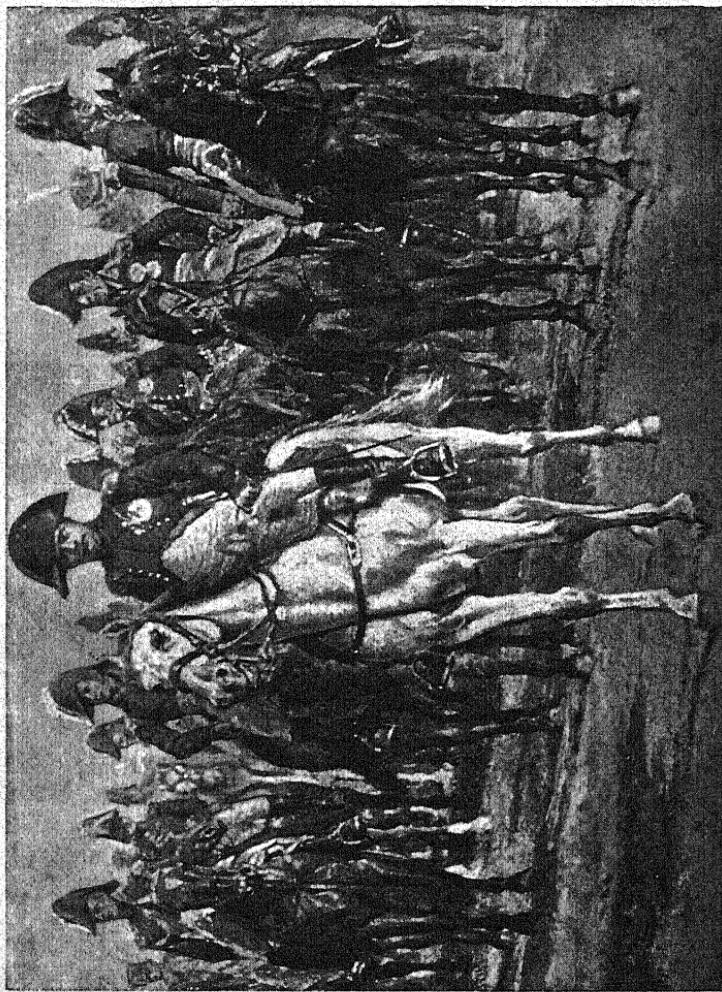
The bridge of El Burgo was immediately destroyed, and an engineer was sent to blow up that of Cambria, situated a few miles up the Mero river. The town of Coruña, although sufficiently strong to oblige an enemy to break ground before it, was weakly fortified, and to the southward commanded by some heights close to the walls. Sir John Moore caused the land front to be repaired and strengthened, and also disarmed the sea face of the works and occupied the citadel.

The enemy was now collecting in force on the Mero, and it became necessary to choose a position of battle. A chain of rocky elevations commencing on the sea-coast, north-west of the place, and ending on the Mero, just behind the village of El Burgo, offered an advantageous line of defence, covered by a branch of the Mero, which, washing a part of the base, would have obliged the enemy to advance by the road of Compos-

tella: but this ridge was too extensive for the English army, and if not wholly occupied, the French might have turned it by the right and moved along a succession of eminences to the very gates of Coruña. There was no alternative but to take post on an inferior range, enclosed as it were within the other and completely commanded by it within cannon-shot.

The French army had been so exhausted by continual toil that it was not completely assembled on the Mero before the 12th. The infantry took post opposite El Burgo, the cavalry of La Houssaye lined the river as far as the ocean, and Franceschi crossed at the bridge of Celas, seven miles higher up. The 14th, the bridges of El Burgo being rendered practicable for artillery, two divisions of infantry and one of cavalry passed the river. To cover this march some guns opened on the English posts at El Burgo, but were soon silenced by a superior fire. The same evening, the transports from Vigo hove in sight and soon after entered the harbour of Coruña, and the dismounted cavalry, the sick, all the best horses, and fifty-two pieces of artillery were embarked during the night: eight British and four Spanish guns were, however, retained on shore ready for action.

When Laborde's division arrived, the French force was not less than twenty thousand men, and the Duke of Dalmatia made no idle evolutions of display. Distributing his lighter guns along the front of his position, he opened a fire from the heavy battery on his left, and instantly descended the mountain with three columns covered by clouds of skirmishers. The British piquets were driven back in disorder, and the village of Elvina was carried by the first French column, which



*Napoleon and his Generals.—J. L. Messonnier.*

then divided and attempted to turn Baird's right by the valley, and break his front at the same time. The second column made against the English centre, and the third attacked Hope's left at the village of Palavia Abaxo. Soult's heavier guns overmatched the English six-pounders, and swept the position to the centre; but Moore, observing that the enemy, according to his expectations, did not show any body of infantry beyond that moving up the valley to outflank Baird's right, ordered Paget to carry the whole of the reserve to where the detached regiment was posted, and, as he had before arranged with him, turn the left of the French columns and menace the great battery. Fraser he ordered to support Paget, and then throwing back the Fourth Regiment, which formed the right of Baird's division, opened a heavy fire upon the flank of the troops penetrating up the valley, while the Fiftieth and Forty-Second Regiments met those breaking through Elvina. The ground about that village was intersected by stone walls and hollow roads: a severe scrambling fight ensued, the French were forced back with great loss, and the Fiftieth Regiment, entering the village with the retiring mass, drove it, after a second struggle in the street, quite beyond the houses. Seeing this, the general ordered up a battalion of the Guards to fill the void in the line made by the advance of those regiments, whereupon the Forty-Second, mistaking his intention, retired, with exception of the grenadiers, and at that moment the enemy, being reinforced, renewed the fight beyond the village. Major Napier, commanding the Fiftieth, was wounded and taken prisoner, and Elvina then became the scene of another contest, which being

observed by the commander-in-chief, he addressed a few animating words to the Forty-Second, and caused it to return to the attack. Paget had now descended into the valley, and the line of the skirmishers being thus supported vigorously checked the advance of the enemy's troops in that quarter, while the Fourth Regiment galled their flank ; at the same time the centre and left of the army also became engaged, Baird was severely wounded, and a furious action ensued along the line, in the valley, and on the hills.

Sir John Moore, while earnestly watching the result of the fight about the village of Elvina, was struck on the left breast by a cannon shot. The shock threw him from his horse with violence ; yet he rose again in a sitting posture, his countenance unchanged, and his steadfast eye still fixed upon the regiments engaged in his front, no sigh betraying a sensation of pain. In a few moments, when he saw the troops were gaining ground, his countenance brightened, and he suffered himself to be taken to the rear. Then was seen the dreadful nature of his hurt. The shoulder was shattered to pieces, the arm hanging by a piece of skin, the ribs over the heart broken and bared of flesh, the muscles of the breast torn into long stripes, interlaced by their recoil from the dragging of the shot. As the soldiers placed him in a blanket his sword got entangled and the hilt entered the wound ; Captain Hardinge, a staff officer, attempted to take it off, but the dying man stopped him, saying, "It is as well as it is. I had rather it should go out of the field with me ;" and in that manner, so becoming to a soldier, Moore was borne from the fight.

Notwithstanding this great disaster the troops gained ground. The reserve overthrowing everything in the valley, forced La Houssaye's dismounted dragoons to retire, and thus turning the enemy, approached the eminence upon which the great battery was posted. On the left, Colonel Nicholls, at the head of some companies of the Fourteenth, carried Palavia Abaxo, which General Foy defended but feebly. In the centre, the obstinate dispute for Elvina terminated in favour of the British ; and when the night set in, their line was considerably advanced beyond the original position of the morning, while the French were falling back in confusion. If Fraser's division had been brought into action along with the reserve, the enemy could hardly have escaped a signal overthrow ; for the little ammunition Soult had been able to bring up was nearly exhausted, the river Mero was in full tide behind him, and the difficult communication by the bridge of El Burgo was alone open for retreat. On the other hand, to fight in the dark was to tempt fortune ; the French were still the most numerous, their ground strong, and their disorder facilitated the original plan of embarking during the night. Hope, upon whom the command had devolved, resolved therefore to ship the army, and so complete were the arrangements that no confusion or difficulty occurred ; the piquets kindled fires to cover the retreat, and were themselves withdrawn at daybreak to embark under the protection of Hill's brigade, which was in position under the ramparts of Coruña.

When morning dawned, the French, seeing the British position abandoned, pushed some battalions to the heights of San Lucia, and about midday opened a

battery on the shipping in the harbour. This caused great confusion amongst the transports, several masters cut their cables, and four vessels went on shore ; but the troops were rescued by the men-of-war's boats, the stranded vessels burnt, and the fleet got out of harbour. Hill then embarked at the citadel, which was maintained by a rearguard under Beresford until the 18th, when the wounded being all on board, the troops likewise embarked ; the inhabitants faithfully maintained the town meanwhile, and the fleet sailed for England. The loss of the British, never officially published, was estimated at 800 ; of the French at 3,000. The latter is probably an exaggeration, yet it must have been great. Thus ended the retreat to Coruña.

From the spot where he fell, the general was carried to the town by his soldiers : his blood flowed fast and the torture of the wound was great ; yet the unshaken firmness of his mind made those about him, seeing the resolution of his countenance, express a hope of his recovery. He looked steadfastly at the injury for a moment, and said, "No, I feel that to be impossible." Several times he caused his attendants to stop and turn round, that he might behold the field of battle ; and when the firing indicated the advance of the British, he discovered his satisfaction and permitted the bearers to proceed. When brought to his lodgings the surgeons examined his wound. There was no hope ; the pain increased ; he spoke with difficulty. At intervals he asked if the French were beaten, and addressing his old friend, Colonel Anderson, said, "You know I always wished to die this way." Again he asked if the enemy were defeated, and being told they were, said, "It is a

great satisfaction to me to know we have beaten the French." His countenance continued firm, his thoughts clear ; once only when he spoke of his mother he became agitated : but he often inquired after the safety of his friends and the officers of his staff, and he did not even in this moment forget to recommend those whose merit had given them claims to promotion. When life was almost extinct, he exclaimed, "I hope the people of England will be satisfied. I hope my country will do me justice." In a few minutes afterwards he died, and his corpse, wrapped in a military cloak, was interred by the officers of his staff in the citadel of Coruña. The guns of the enemy paid his funeral honours, and Soult, with a noble feeling of respect for his valour, raised a monument to his memory on the field of battle.



## *THE DESERT.*

ALEXANDER WILLIAM KINGLAKE.

IN a couple of days I was ready to start. The way of providing for the passage of the desert is this: there is an agent in the town who keeps himself in communication with some of the desert Arabs that are hovering within a day's journey of the place; a party of these, upon being guaranteed against seizure or other ill-treatment at the hands of the governor, come into the town, bringing with them the number of camels which you require, and then they stipulate for a certain sum to take you to the place of your destination in a given time; the agreement thus made by them includes a safe-conduct through their country, as well as the hire of the camels. According to the contract made with me, I was to reach Cairo within ten days from the commencement of the journey. I had four camels—one for my baggage, one for each of my servants, and one for myself. Four Arabs, the owners of the camels, came with me on foot. My stores were a small soldier's tent, two bags of dried bread brought from the convent at Jerusalem, and a couple of bottles of wine from the same source, two goatskins filled with water, tea, sugar, a cold tongue, and (of all things in the world) a jar of Irish butter which Mysseri had purchased from some merchant. There was also a small sack of charcoal, for the greater part of the desert through which we were to pass is void of fuel.

The camel kneels to receive her load, and for a while she will allow the packing to go on with silent resignation, but when she begins to suspect that her master is putting more than a just burthen upon her poor hump, she turns round her supple neck, and looks sadly upon the increasing load, and then gently remonstrates against the wrong with the sigh of a patient wife ; if sighs will not move you, she can weep ; you soon learn to pity, and soon to love her, for the sake of her gentle and womanish ways.

You cannot, of course, put an English or any other riding saddle upon the back of the camel, but your quilt or carpet or whatever you carry for the purpose of lying on at night is folded and fastened on to the pack-saddle upon the top of the hump, and on this you ride, or rather sit. You sit as a man sits on a chair when he sits astride. I made an improvement on this plan ; I had my English stirrups strapped on to the cross bars of the pack-saddle, and thus, by gaining rest for my dangling legs, and gaining, too, the power of varying my position more easily than I could otherwise have done, I added very much to my comfort.

The camel, like the elephant, is one of the old-fashioned sort of animals that still walk along upon the (now nearly exploded) plan of the ancient beasts that lived before the Flood : she moves forward both her near legs at the same time, and then awkwardly swings round her off shoulder and haunch, so as to repeat the manœuvre on that side ; her pace therefore is an odd, disjointed, and disjoining sort of movement that is rather disagreeable at first, but you soon grow reconciled to it. The height to which you are raised is

of great advantage to you in passing the burning sands of the desert, for the air at such a distance from the ground is much cooler and more lively than that which circulates beneath.

For several miles beyond Gaza the land, freshened by the rains of the last week, was covered with rich verdure, and thickly jewelled with meadow flowers so bright and fragrant that I began to grow almost uneasy —to fancy that the very desert was receding before me, and that the long-desired adventure of passing its “burning sands” was to end in a mere ride across a field. But as I advanced, the true character of the country began to display itself with sufficient clearness to dispel my apprehensions, and before the close of my first day’s journey I had the gratification of finding that I was surrounded on all sides by a tract of real sand, and had nothing at all to complain of, except that there peeped forth at intervals a few isolated blades of grass, and many of those stunted shrubs which are the accustomed food of the camel.

Before sunset I came up with an encampment of Arabs (the encampment from which my camels had been brought), and my tent was pitched amongst theirs. I was now amongst the true Bedouins. Almost every man of this race closely resembles his brethren; almost every man has large and finely-formed features, but his face is so thoroughly stripped of flesh, and the white folds from his headgear fall down by his haggard cheeks so much in the burial fashion, that he looks quite sad and ghastly; his large dark orbs roll slowly and solemnly over the white of his deep-set eyes; his countenance shews painful thought and long suffering—

the suffering of one fallen from a high estate. His gait is strangely majestic, and he marches along with his simple blanket as though he were wearing the purple.

\* \* \* \* \*

In passing the desert you will find your Arabs wanting to start and to rest at all sorts of odd times ; they like, for instance, to be off at one in the morning, and to rest during the whole of the afternoon. You must not give way to their wishes in this respect ; I tried their plan once, and found it very harassing and unwholesome. An ordinary tent can give you very little protection against heat, for the fire strikes fiercely through single canvas, and you soon find that whilst you lie crouching, and striving to hide yourself from the blazing face of the sun, his power is harder to bear than it is where you boldly defy him from the airy heights of your camel.

It had been arranged with my Arabs that they were to bring with them all the food which they would want for themselves during the passage of the desert, but, as we rested at the end of the first day's journey by the side of an Arab encampment, my camel-men found all that they required for that night in the tents of their own brethren. On the evening of the second day, however, just before we encamped for the night, my four Arabs came to Dthemetri, and formally announced that they had not brought with them one atom of food, and that they looked entirely to my supplies for their daily bread. This was awkward intelligence ; we were now just two days deep in the desert, and I had brought with me no more bread than might be reasonably required for myself and my European attendants. I

believed at the moment (for it seemed likely enough) that the men had really mistaken the terms of the arrangement, and feeling that the bore of being put upon half rations would be a less evil (and even to myself a less inconvenience) than the starvation of my Arabs, I at once told Dthemetri to assure them that my bread should be equally shared with all. Dthemetri, however, did not approve of this concession ; he assured me quite positively that the Arabs thoroughly understood the agreement, and that if they were now without food, they had wilfully brought themselves into this strait for the wretched purpose of bettering their bargain by the value of a few paras' worth of bread. This suggestion made me look at the affair in a new light ; I should have been glad enough to put up with the slight privation to which my concession would subject me, and could have borne to witness the semi-starvation of poor Dthemetri with a fine philosophical calm, but it seemed to me that the scheme, if scheme it were, had something of audacity in it, and was well enough calculated to try the extent of my softness : I knew the danger of allowing such a trial to result in a conclusion that I was one who might be easily managed ; and therefore, after thoroughly satisfying myself, from Dthemetri's clear and repeated assertions, that the Arabs had really understood the arrangement, I determined that they should not now violate it by taking advantage of my position in the midst of their big desert, so I desired Dthemetri to tell them that they should touch no bread of mine. We stopped, and the tent was pitched ; the Arabs came to me, and prayed loudly for bread ; I refused them.

“Then we die !”

“God’s will be done.”

I gave the Arabs to understand that I regretted their perishing by hunger, but that I should bear this calmly, like any other misfortune not my own—that, in short, I was happily resigned to *their* fate. The men would have talked a great deal, but they were under the disadvantage of addressing me through a hostile interpreter ; they looked hard upon my face, but they found no hope there, so at last they retired, as they pretended, to lay them down and die.

In about ten minutes from this time I found that the Arabs were busily cooking their bread ! Their pretence of having brought no food was false, and was only invented for the purpose of saving it. They had a good bag of meal, which they had contrived to stow away under the baggage upon one of the camels in such a way as to escape notice. In Europe the detection of a scheme like this would have occasioned a disagreeable feeling between the master and the delinquent, but you would no more recoil from an Oriental on account of a matter of this sort than in England you would reject a horse that had tried and failed to throw you. Indeed I felt quite good-humouredly towards my Arabs because they had so woefully failed in their wretched attempt, and because, as it turned out, I had done what was right ; they too, poor fellows, evidently began to like me immensely, on account of the hard-heartedness which had enabled me to baffle their scheme.

\* \* \* \* \*

The manner of my daily march was this. At about an hour before dawn I rose, and made the most of

about a pint of water which I allowed myself for washing. Then I breakfasted upon tea and bread. As soon as the beasts were loaded, I mounted my camel and pressed forward; my poor Arabs being on foot would sometimes moan with fatigue, and pray for rest, but I was anxious to enable them to perform their contract for bringing me to Cairo within the stipulated time, and I did not therefore allow a halt until the evening came. About mid-day, or soon after, Mysseri used to bring up his camel alongside of mine, and supply me with a piece of the dried bread softened in water, and also (as long as it lasted) with a piece of the tongue; after this there came into my hand (how well I remember it!) the little tin cup half filled with wine and water.

As long as you are journeying in the interior of the desert you have no particular point to make for as your resting-place. The endless sands yield nothing but small stunted shrubs—even these fail after the first two or three days, and from that time you pass over broad plains—you pass over newly reared hills—you pass through valleys dug out by the last week's storm, and the hills and the valleys are sand, sand, sand, still sand, and only sand, and sand, and sand again. The earth is so samely that your eyes turn towards heaven—towards heaven, I mean, in the sense of sky. You look to the Sun, for he is your task-master, and by him you know the measure of the work that you have done, and the measure of the work that remains for you to do; he comes when you strike your tent in the early morning, and then, for the first hour of the day, as you move forward

on your camel, he stands at your near side, and makes you know that the whole day's toil is before you ; then for a while, and a long while, you see him no more, for you are veiled and shrouded, and dare not look upon the greatness of his glory, but you know where he strides overhead, by the touch of his flaming sword. No words are spoken, but your Arabs moan, your camels sigh, your skin glows, your shoulders ache, and for sights you see the pattern, and the web of the silk that veils your eyes, and the glare of the outer light. Time labours on—your skin glows, your shoulders ache, your Arabs moan, your camels sigh, and you see the same pattern in the silk, and the same glare of light beyond, but conquering Time marches on, and by-and-by the descending sun has compassed the heaven, and now softly touches your right arm, and throws your lank shadow over the sand right along on the way for Persia ; then again you look upon his face, for his power is all veiled in his beauty, and the redness of flames has become the redness of roses—the fair, wavy cloud that fled in the morning now comes to his sight once more—comes blushing, yet still comes on—comes burning with blushes, yet comes and clings to his side.

Then begins your season of rest. The world about you is all your own, and there, where you will, you pitch your solitary tent ; there is no living thing to dispute your choice. When at last the spot had been fixed upon and we came to a halt, one of the Arabs would touch the chest of my camel, and utter at the same time a peculiar gurgling sound ; the beast instantly understood and obeyed the sign, and slowly

sunk under me, till she brought her body to a level with the ground ; then gladly enough I alighted. The rest of the camels were unloaded and turned loose to browse upon the shrubs of the desert, where shrubs there were, or where these failed, to wait for the small quantity of food that was allowed them out of our stores.

My servants, helped by the Arabs, busied themselves in pitching the tent and kindling the fire. Whilst this was doing, I used to walk away towards the east, confiding in the print of my foot as a guide for my return. Apart from the cheering voices of my attendants, I could better know and feel the loneliness of the desert. When the night closed round me, I began to return—to return as it were to my own gate. Reaching at last some high ground, I could see, and see with delight, the fire of our small encampment ; and when, at last, I regained the spot, it seemed a very home that had sprung up for me in the midst of these solitudes. My Arabs were busy with their bread—Mysseri rattling tea-cups—the little kettle, with her odd, old-maidish looks, sat humming away old songs about England, and two or three yards from the fire my tent stood prim and tight with open portal, and with welcoming look—a look like “the own arm-chair” of our lyrist’s “Sweet Lady Anne.”

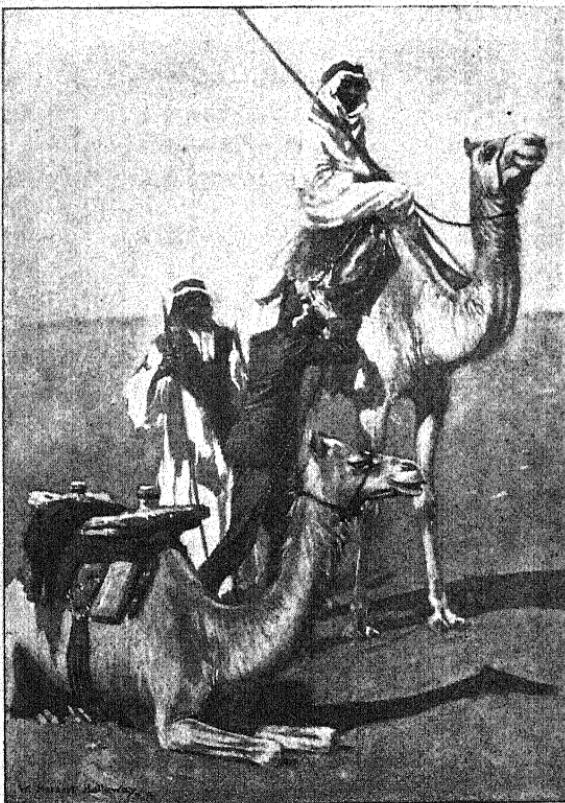
Sometimes in the earlier part of my journey the night breeze blew coldly ; when that happened, the dry sand was heaped up outside round the skirts of the tent, and so the wind, that everywhere else could sweep as he listed along those dreary plains, was forced to turn aside in his course, and make way, as he ought,

for the Englishman. The first night, I remember, with my books and maps about me, I wanted a light—they brought me a taper, and immediately from out of the silent desert there rushed in a flood of life, unseen before. Monsters of moths of all shapes and hues that never before perhaps had looked upon the shining of a flame now madly thronged into my tent, and dashed through the fire of the candle till they fairly extinguished it with their burning limbs. Those who had failed in attaining this martyrdom suddenly became serious, and clung despondingly to the canvas.

By-and-by there was brought to me the fragrant tea, and big masses of scorched and scorching toast, and the butter that had come all the way to me in this desert of Asia from out of that poor, dear, starving Ireland. I feasted like a king—like four kings—like a boy in the fourth form.

When the cold, sullen morning dawned, and my people began to load the camels, I always felt loath to give back to the waste this little spot of ground that had glowed for a while with the cheerfulness of a human dwelling. One by one the cloaks, the saddles, the baggage, the hundred things that strewed the ground and made it look so familiar—all these were taken away, and laid upon the camels. A speck in the broad tracks of Asia remained still impressed with the mark of patent portmanteaus, and the heels of London boots; the embers of the fire lay black and cold upon the sand, and these were the signs we left.

My tent was spared to the last, but when all else was ready for the start, then came its fall; the pegs were drawn, the canvas shivered, and in less than a



*“My people began to load the camels.”*

minute there was nothing that remained of my genial home but only a pole and a bundle. The encroaching Englishman was off, and instant upon the fall of the canvas, like an owner who had waited and watched, the Genius of the Desert stalked in.

To servants, as I suppose to any other Europeans not much accustomed to amuse themselves by fancy, or memory, it often happens that after a few days' journeying, the loneliness of the desert will become frightfully oppressive. Upon my poor fellows the access of melancholy came heavy, and all at once, as a blow from above; they bent their necks, and bore it as best they could, but their joy was great on the fifth day, when we came to an oasis called Gatieh, for here we found encamped a caravan (that is, an assemblage of travellers) from Cairo. The Orientals living in cities never pass the desert except in this way; many will wait for weeks, and even for months, until a sufficient number of persons can be found ready to undertake the journey at the same time—until the flock of sheep is big enough to fancy itself a match for wolves. They could not, I think, really secure themselves against any serious danger by this contrivance, for though they have arms, they are so little accustomed to use them, and so utterly unorganized, that they never could make good their resistance to robbers of the slightest respectability. It is not of the Bedouins that such travellers are afraid, for the safe conduct granted by the chief of the ruling tribe is never, I believe, violated, but it is said that there are deserters and scamps of various sorts who hover about the skirts of the desert, particularly on the Cairo

side, and are anxious to succeed to the property of any poor fellows whom they may find more weak and defenceless than themselves.

These people from Cairo professed to be amazed at the ludicrous disproportion between their numerical forces and mine. They could not understand, and they wanted to know by what strange privilege it is that an Englishman with a brace of pistols and a couple of servants rides safely across the desert, whilst they, the natives of the neighbouring cities, are forced to travel in troops, or rather in herds.

\*       \*       \*       \*       \*

I can understand the sort of amazement of the Orientals at the scantiness of the retinue with which an Englishman passes the desert, for I was somewhat struck myself when I saw one of my countrymen making his way across the wilderness in this simple style. At first there was a mere moving speck in the horizon ; my party, of course, became all alive with excitement, and there were many surmises. Soon it appeared that three laden camels were approaching, and that two of them carried riders ; in a little while we saw that one of the riders wore the European dress, and at last the travellers were pronounced to be an English gentleman and his servant ; by their side there were a couple of Arabs on foot, and this, if I rightly remember, was the whole party.

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This Englishman, as I afterwards found, was a military man returning to his country from India, and crossing the desert at this part in order to go through Palestine. As for me, I had come pretty straight from

England, and so here we met in the wilderness at about half way from our respective starting-points. As we approached each other, it became with me a question whether we should speak ; I thought it likely that the stranger would accost me, and in the event of his doing so, I was quite ready to be as sociable and chatty as I could be according to my nature ; but still I could not think of anything particular that I had to say to him. Of course among civilized people, the not having anything to say is no excuse at all for not speaking, but I was shy, and indolent, and I felt no great wish to stop and talk like a morning visitor, in the midst of those broad solitudes. The traveller, perhaps, felt as I did, for, except that we lifted our hands to our caps, and waved our arms in courtesy, we passed each other quite as distantly as if we had passed in Pall Mall. Our attendants, however, were not to be cheated of the delight that they felt in speaking to new listeners, and hearing fresh voices once more. The masters, therefore, had no sooner passed each other than their respective servants quietly stopped and entered into conversation. As soon as my camel found that her companions were not following her, she caught the social feeling and refused to go on. I felt the absurdity of the situation, and determined to accost the stranger, if only to avoid the awkwardness of remaining stuck fast in the desert whilst our servants were amusing themselves. When with this intent I turned round my camel, I found that the gallant officer had passed me by about thirty or forty yards, and was exactly in the same predicament as myself. I put my now willing camel in

motion, and rode up towards the stranger: seeing this, he followed my example and came forward to meet me. He was the first to speak: too courteous to address me as if he admitted the possibility of my wishing to accost him from any feeling of mere sociability or civilian-like love of vain talk, he at once attributed my advances to a laudable wish of acquiring statistical information, and accordingly when we got within speaking distance he said, "I dare say you wish to know how the plague is going on at Cairo?" and then he went on to say he regretted that his information did not enable him to give me in numbers a perfectly accurate statement of the daily deaths; he afterwards talked pleasantly enough upon other, and less ghastly, subjects. I thought him manly and intelligent—a worthy one of the few thousand strong Englishmen to whom the Empire of India is committed.

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Once during this passage my Arabs lost their way among the hills of loose sand that surrounded us, but after a while we were lucky enough to recover our right line of march. The same day we fell in with a Sheik, the head of a family, that actually dwells at no great distance from this part of the desert during nine months of the year. The man carried a match-lock, and of this he was inordinately proud on account of the supposed novelty and ingenuity of the contrivance. We stopped, and sat down and rested awhile, for the sake of a little talk; there was much that I should have liked to ask this man, but he could not understand Dthemetri's language, and the process of getting at his knowledge by double interpretation through my

Arabs was tedious. I discovered, however (and my Arabs knew of that fact), that this man and his family lived habitually for nine months of the year without touching or seeing either bread or water. The stunted shrub growing at intervals through the sand in this part of the desert enables the camel mares to yield a little milk, and this furnishes the sole food and drink of their owner and his people. During the other three months (the hottest, I suppose) even this resource fails, and then the Sheik and his people are forced to pass into another district. You would ask me why the man should not remain always in that district which supplies him with water during three months of the year, but I don't know enough of Arab politics to answer the question. The Sheik was not a good specimen of the effect produced by his way of living ; he was very small, very spare, and sadly shrivelled—a poor, over-roasted snipe—a mere cinder of a man. I made him sit down by my side, and gave him a piece of bread, and a cup of water from out of my goat-skins. This was not very tempting drink to look at, for it had become turbid, and was deeply reddened by some colouring matter contained in the skins, but it kept its sweetness, and tasted like a strong decoction of Russian leather. The Sheik sipped this drop by drop with ineffable relish, and rolled his eyes solemnly round between every draught, as though the drink were the drink of the Prophet, and had come from the seventh heaven.

An inquiry about distances led to the discovery that this Sheik had never heard of the division of time into hours.

About this part of my journey I saw the likeness of

a freshwater lake. I saw, as it seemed, a broad sheet of calm water stretching far and fair towards the south—stretching deep into winding creeks, and hemmed in by jutting promontories, and shelving smooth off towards the shallow side: on its bosom the reflected fire of the sun lay playing, and seeming to float as though upon deep still waters.

Though I knew of the cheat, it was not till the spongy foot of my camel had almost trodden in the seeming lake that I could undeceive my eyes, for the shore line was quite true and natural. I soon saw the cause of the phantasm. A sheet of water, heavily impregnated with salts, had gathered together in a vast hollow between the sand hills, and when dried up by evaporation had left a white saline deposit; this exactly marked the space which the waters had covered, and so traced out a good shore line. The minute crystals of the salt, by their way of sparkling in the sun, were made to seem like the dazzled face of a lake that is calm and smooth.

The pace of the camel is irksome, and makes your shoulders and loins ache from the peculiar way in which you are obliged to suit yourself to the movements of the beast; but one soon, of course, becomes inured to the work, and after my first two days this way of travelling became so familiar to me that (poor sleeper as I am) I now and then slumbered for some moments together on the back of my camel. On the fifth day of my journey the air above lay dead, and all the whole earth that I could reach with my utmost sight and keenest listening was still and lifeless, as some dispeopled and forgotten world that rolls round and round

in the heavens through wasted floods of light. The Sun, growing fiercer and fiercer, shone down more mightily now than ever on me he shone before, and as I drooped my head under his fire, and closed my eyes against the glare that surrounded me, I slowly fell asleep—for how many minutes or moments I cannot tell—but after a while I was gently awakened by a peal of church bells—my native bells—the innocent bells of Marlen that never before sent forth their music beyond the Blaygon hills! My first idea naturally was that I still remained fast under the power of a dream. I roused myself, and drew aside the silk that covered my eyes, and plunged my bare face into the light. Then at least I was well enough wakened, but still those old Marlen bells rang on, not ringing for joy, but properly, prosily, steadily, merrily ringing “for church.” After a while the sound died away slowly: it happened that neither I nor any of my party had a watch by which to measure the exact time of its lasting, but it seemed to me that about ten minutes had passed before the bells ceased. I attributed the effect to the great heat of the sun, the perfect dryness of the clear air through which I moved, and the deep stillness of all around me; it seemed to me that these causes, by occasioning a great tension, and consequent susceptibility of the hearing organs, had rendered them liable to tingle under the passing touch of some mere memory that must have swept across my brain in a moment of sleep. Since my return to England it has been told me that like sounds have been heard at sea, and that the sailor, becalmed under a vertical sun in the midst of the wide ocean, has

listened in trembling wonder to the chime of his own village bells.

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After the fifth day of my journey, I no longer travelled over shifting hills, but came upon a dead level—a dead level bed of sand, quite hard, and studded with small, shining pebbles.

The heat grew fierce ; there was no valley, nor hollow, no hill, no mound, no shadow of hill nor of mound, by which I could mark the way I was making. Hour by hour I advanced, and saw no change—I was still the very centre of a round horizon ; hour by hour I advanced, and still there was the same, and the same, and the same—the same circle of flaming sky—the same circle of sand still glaring with light and fire. Over all the heaven above—over all the earth beneath, there was no visible power that could baulk the fierce will of the Sun ; “ he rejoiced as a strong man to run a race ; his going forth was from the end of the heaven, and his circuit unto the ends of it ; and there was nothing hid from the heat thereof.” From pole to pole, and from the East to the West, he brandished his fiery sceptre as though he had usurped all heaven and earth. As he bid the soft Persian in ancient times, so now, and fiercely too, he bid me bow down and worship him ; so now in his pride he seemed to command me, and say, “ Thou shalt have none other gods but me.” I was all alone before him. There were these two pitted together, and face to face—the mighty Sun for one, and for the other—this poor, pale, solitary Self of mine that I always carry about with me.

But on the eighth day, and before I had yet turned

away from Jehovah for the glittering god of the Persians, there appeared a dark line upon the edge of the forward horizon, and soon the line deepened into a delicate fringe that sparkled here and there as though it were sown with diamonds. There then before me were the gardens and the minarets of Egypt, and the mighty works of the Nile, and I (the eternal Ego that I am !)—I had lived to see, and I saw them.

When evening came I was still within the confines of the desert, and my tent was pitched as usual, but one of my Arabs stalked away rapidly towards the west without telling me of the errand on which he was bent. After a while he returned ; he had toiled on a graceful service ; he had travelled all the way on to the border of the living world, and brought me back for token an ear of rice, full, fresh, and green.

The next day I entered upon Egypt, and floated along (for the delight was as the delight of bathing) through green wavy fields of rice, and pastures fresh and plentiful, and dived into the cold verdure of groves and gardens, and quenched my hot eyes in shade, as though in a bed of deep waters.

## *CHARLOTTE CORDAY.*

THOMAS CARLYLE.

AMID this dim ferment of Caen and the World, History specially notices one thing: in the lobby of the Mansion de l'Intendance where busy Deputies are coming and going, a young lady with an aged valet taking grave graceful leave of Deputy Barbaroux. She is of stately Norman figure: in her twenty-fifth year: of beautiful still countenance: her name is Charlotte Corday, heretofore styled D'Armans, while Nobility still was. Barbaroux has given her a note to Deputy Duperret. Apparently she will to Paris on some errand? "She was a Republican before the Revolution, and never wanted energy." A completeness, a decision is in this fair female figure: "by energy she means the spirit that will prompt one to sacrifice himself for his country."

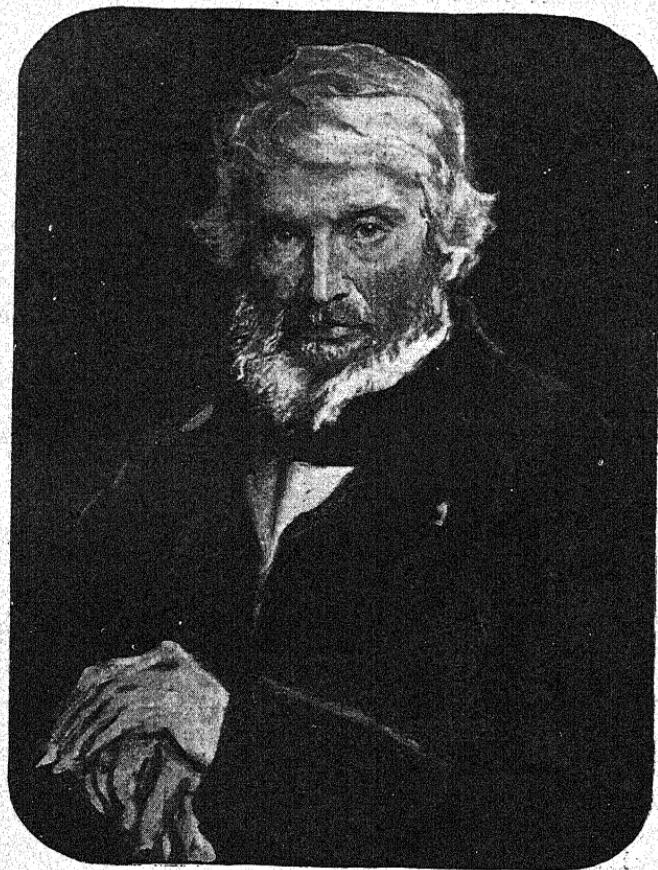
With Barbaroux's note of introduction and slight stock of luggage, we see Charlotte on Tuesday the ninth of July seated in the Caen diligence with a place for Paris. None takes farewell of her, wishes her good-journey: her father will find a line left, signifying she is gone to England, that he must pardon her and forget her. The drowsy diligence lumbers along, all night, all day, and again all night. On Thursday not long before noon we are at the Bridge of Neuilly: here is Paris with her thousand black domes, the goal and purpose of thy journey. Arrived at the inn de la Providence in

the Rue des Vieux Augustins, Charlotte demands a room: hastens to bed: sleeps all afternoon and night till the Morrow morning.

On the Morrow morning, she delivers her note to Duperret. It relates to certain family papers which are in the Minister of the Interior's hand: which Duperret shall assist her in getting: this then was Charlotte's errand to Paris? She has finished this in the course of Friday: yet says nothing of returning. She has seen and silently investigated several things. The Convention in bodily reality she has seen: what the Mountain is like. The living physiognomy of Marat she could not see: he is sick at present and confined to home.

About eight on the Saturday morning she purchases a large sheath-knife in the Palais Royal: then straightway in the Place des Victoires takes a hackney-coach: "To the Rue de l'Ecole de Médecine, No. 44." It is the residence of the Citoyen Marat! The Citoyen Marat is ill and cannot be seen: which seems to disappoint her much. Her business is with Marat, then? Hapless, beautiful Charlotte: hapless, squalid Marat! From Caen in the utmost west, from Neuchâtel in the utmost east they two are drawing nigh each other: they two have, very strangely, business together. Charlotte returning to her inn despatches a short note to Marat: signifying that she is from Caen, the seat of rebellion: that she desires earnestly to see him and "will put it in his power to do France a great service!" No answer. Charlotte writes another note, still more pressing: sets out with it by coach about seven in the evening herself.

It is yellow July evening, we say, the thirteenth of



*Thomas Carlyle.*

*(From the unfinished portrait by Sir J. Everett Millais, P.R.A.)*

the month : eve of the Bastille day—when “M. Marat,” four years ago in the crowd of the Pont Neuf, shrewdly required of the Besenval Hussar-party which had such friendly dispositions “to dismount and give up their arms, then :” and became notable among patriot men. Four years : what a road he has travelled : and sits now about half-past seven of the clock, stewing in slipper-bath : sore afflicted. Excessively sick and worn, poor man : with precisely eleven-pence-halfpenny of ready-money in paper : with slipper-bath : strong three-footed stool for writing on, the while : and a squalid—washer-woman, one may call her : that is his civic establishment in Medical-School Street : thither and not elsewhither has his road led him. Hark, a rap again ! a musical woman’s voice, refusing to be rejected : it is the citoyenne who would do France a service. Marat, recognizing from within, cries “Admit her.” Charlotte Corday is admitted.

“Citoyen Marat, I am from Caen, the seat of rebellion, and wished to speak with you.” “Be seated, *mon enfant*. Now what are the traitors doing at Caen ? What deputies are at Caen ?” Charlotte names some deputies. “Their heads shall fall within a fortnight,” croaks the eager People’s Friend, clutching his tablets to write : Barbaroux, Pétion, writes he with bare shrunk arm, turning aside in the bath : Pétion and Louvet and—Charlotte has drawn her knife from the sheath : plunges it with one sure stroke into the writer’s heart. “*A moi, chère amie*, help, dear !” no more could the death-choked say or shriek. The helpful washerwoman running in, there is no friend of the people or friend of the washer-woman left : but his life with a groan gushes out,

indignant, to the shades below. And so Marat, People's Friend, is ended.

As for Charlotte Corday, her work is accomplished: the recompense of it is near and sure. The *chère amie* and neighbours of the house flying at her, she "overturns some movables," entrenches herself till the gendarmes arrive: then quietly surrenders: goes quietly to the Abbaye prison: she alone quiet, all Paris sounding, in wonder, in rage or admiration, round her.

On Wednesday morning the thronged Palais de Justice and Revolutionary tribunal can see her face: beautiful and calm: she dates it "fourth day of the Preparation of Peace." A strange murmur ran through the hall at sight of her: you could not say of what character. Tinville has his indictments and tape-papers: the cutler of the Palais Royal will testify that he sold her the sheath-knife: "All these details are needless," interrupted Charlotte; "it is I that killed Marat." By whose instigation? "By no one's." What tempted you, then? His crimes. "I killed one man," added she, raising her voice extremely (*extrêmement*) as they went on with their questions—"I killed one man to save a hundred thousand: a villain to save innocents: a savage wild beast to give repose to my country. I was a Republican before the Revolution. I never wanted energy." There is therefore nothing to be said. The public gazes astonished: the men of law proceed with their formalities. The doom is death as a murderer. To her advocate she gives thanks: in gentle phrase, in high-flown classical spirit. To the priest they send her she gives thanks: but needs not any shriving, any ghostly or other aid from him.

On this same evening therefore about half-past seven o'clock, from the gate of the Conciergerie to a city all on tiptoe, the fatal cart issues: seated on it a fair young creature, sheeted in red smock of murdereress: so beautiful, serene, so full of life: journeying towards death, alone amid the world. Many take off their hats, saluting reverently: for what heart but must be touched? Others growl and howl. At the Place de la Révolution the countenance of Charlotte wears the same still smile. The executioners proceed to bind her feet: she resists, thinking it meant as an insult: on a word of explanation she submits with cheerful apology. As the last act, all being now ready, they take the neckerchief from her neck: a blush of maidenly shame overspreads that fair face and neck. The cheeks were still tinged with it when the executioner lifted the severed head to show it to the people. In this manner have the Beautifullest and the Squalidest come in collision and extinguished one another. O ye hapless two, mutually extinctive, the Beautiful and the Squalid, sleep ye well—in the mother's bosom that bore you both!

## *THE TRAGEDY OF MONMOUTH*

THOMAS BABINGTON, LORD MACAULAY.

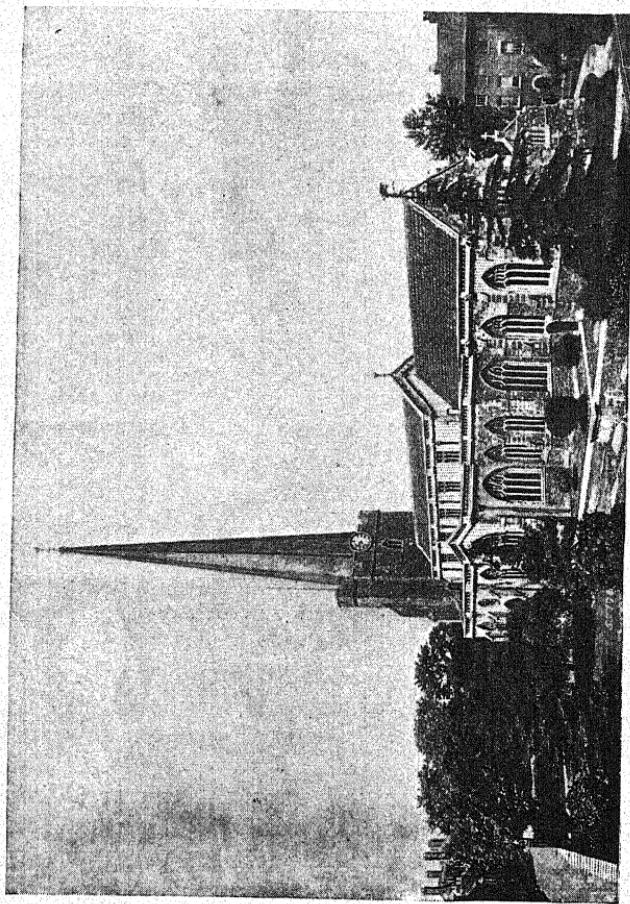
WHILE Monmouth was at Bridgwater, the king's forces came in sight. They consisted of about 2,500 regular troops and of about 1,500 of the Wiltshire militia. Early on the morning of Sunday, the fifth of July, they pitched their tents about three miles from Bridgwater on the plain of Sedgemoor.

The steeple of the parish church of Bridgwater is said to be the loftiest in Somersetshire and commands a wide view over the surrounding country. Monmouth, accompanied by some of his officers, went up to the top of the square tower from which the spire ascends and observed through a telescope the position of the enemy. Beneath him lay a flat expanse, then for the most part a dreary morass. When the rains were heavy and the Parret and its tributary streams rose above their banks, this tract was often flooded. It had been partially reclaimed by art and was intersected by many deep and wide trenches which in that country are called rhines. In the midst of the moor rise, clustering round the towers of churches, a few villages, of which the names seem to indicate that they once were surrounded by waves. In one of these villages, called Weston Zoyland, the royal cavalry lay; and Feversham had fixed his headquarters there. At a greater distance from Bridgwater

lies the village of Middlezoy. In that village and its neighbourhood the Wiltshire militia were quartered, under the command of Pembroke. On the open moor, not far from Chedzoy, were encamped several battalions of regular infantry. Among them was Dumbarton's regiment. Monmouth looked gloomily at them. "I know those men," he said; "they will fight. If I had but them, all would go well."

Yet the aspect of the enemy was not altogether discouraging. The three divisions of the royal army lay far apart from one another. There was an appearance of negligence and of relaxed discipline in all their movements. It was reported that they were drinking themselves drunk with the Zoyland cider. The incapacity of Feversham, who commanded in chief, was notorious. Even at this momentous crisis he thought only of eating and sleeping. Churchill was indeed a captain equal to tasks far more arduous than that of scattering a crowd of ill-armed and ill-trained peasants. But the genius which at a later period humbled six marshals of France was not now in its proper place. Feversham told Churchill little and gave him no encouragement to offer any suggestions. The lieutenant, conscious of superior abilities and science, impatient of the control of a chief whom he despised, and trembling for the fate of the army, nevertheless preserved his characteristic self-command and dissembled his feelings so well that Feversham praised his submissive alacrity and promised to report it to the king.

Monmouth, having observed the disposition of the royal forces and having been apprised of the state in which they were, conceived that a night attack might be



*Bridgwater Parish Church.*

attended with success. He resolved to run the hazard, and preparations were instantly made.

It was Sunday : and his followers passed a great part of the day in religious exercises. The Castle Field in which the army was encamped presented a spectacle such as since the disbanding of Cromwell's soldiers England had never seen. The dissenting preachers who had taken arms against Popery, and some of whom had probably fought in the great Civil War, prayed and preached in red coats and huge jackboots with swords by their sides. Ferguson was one of those who harangued. He took for his text the awful imprecation by which the Israelites who dwelt beyond Jordan cleared themselves from the charge ignorantly brought against them by their brethren on the other side of the river. "The Lord God of gods, the Lord God of gods, he knoweth, and Israel he shall know ; if it be in rebellion, or if in transgression against the Lord, save us not this day."

And now the time for the great hazard drew near. The night was not ill suited for such an enterprise. The moon was indeed at the full and the northern streamers were shining brilliantly. But the marsh fog lay so thick on Sedgemoor that no object could be discerned there at the distance of fifty paces.

The clock struck eleven : and the duke with his bodyguard rode out of the castle. He was not in the frame of mind which befits one who is about to strike a decisive blow. The very children who pressed to see him pass observed and long remembered that his look was sad and full of evil augury. His army marched by a circuitous path near six miles in length towards the

royal encampment on Sedgemoor. The foot were led by Monmouth himself, the horse were confided to Grey. Orders were given that strict silence should be preserved, that no drum should be beaten and no shot fired. The word by which the insurgents were to recognize one another in the darkness was Soho.

At about one in the morning of Monday the sixth of July the rebels were on the open moor. But between them and the enemy lay three broad rhines filled with water and soft mud. Two of these, called the Black Ditch and the Langmoor Rhine, Monmouth knew that he must pass. But strange to say, the existence of a trench called the Bussex Rhine which immediately covered the royal encampment had not been mentioned to him by any of his scouts.

The wains which carried the ammunition remained at the entrance of the moor. The horse and foot in a long narrow column passed the Black Ditch by a causeway. There was a similar causeway across the Langmoor Rhine; but the guide, in the fog, missed his way. There was some delay and some tumult before the error could be rectified. At length the passage was effected; but in the confusion a pistol went off. Some men of the Horse Guards who were on watch heard the report and perceived that a great multitude was advancing through the mist. They fired their carbines and galloped off in different directions to give the alarm. Some hastened to Weston Zoyland, where the cavalry lay. One trooper spurred to the encampment of the infantry, and cried out vehemently that the enemy was at hand. The drums of Dumbarton's regiment beat to arms, and the men got fast into their ranks. It was

time; for Monmouth was already drawing up his army for action. He ordered Grey to lead the way with the cavalry, and followed himself at the head of the infantry. Grey pushed on till his progress was unexpectedly arrested by the Bussex Rhine. On the opposite side of the ditch the king's foot were hastily forming in order of battle.

"For whom are you?" called out an officer of the Foot Guards. "For the king," replied a voice from the ranks of the rebel cavalry. "For which king?" was then demanded. The answer was a shout of "King Monmouth," mingled with the war cry "God with us." The royal troops instantly fired such a volley of musketry as sent the rebel horse flying in all directions. A few minutes after the duke's horse had dispersed themselves over the moor his infantry came up running fast and guided through the gloom by the lighted matches of Dumbarton's regiment.

Monmouth was startled by finding that a broad and profound trench lay between him and the camp which he had hoped to surprise. The insurgents halted on the edge of the rhine and fired. Part of the royal infantry on the opposite bank returned the fire. During three-quarters of an hour the roar of the musketry was incessant. The Somersetshire peasants behaved themselves as if they had been veteran soldiers, save only that they levelled their pieces too high.

But now the other divisions of the royal army were in motion. The Life Guards and Blues came pricking fast from Weston Zoyland and scattered in an instant some of Grey's horse who had attempted to rally. The fugitives spread a panic among their comrades in the

rear who had charge of the ammunition. The waggons drove off at full speed and never stopped till they were many miles from the field of battle.

Monmouth had hitherto done his part like a stout and able warrior. He had been seen on foot, pike in hand, encouraging his infantry by voice and by example. But he was too well acquainted with military affairs not to know that all was over. His men had lost the advantage which surprise and darkness had given them. They were deserted by the horse and by the ammunition waggons. The king's forces were now united and in good order. Feversham had been awakened by the firing, had got out of bed, had adjusted his cravat, had looked at himself well in the glass, and had come to see what his men were doing. Meanwhile, what was of much more importance, Churchill had rapidly made an entirely new disposition of the royal infantry. The day was about to break. The event of a conflict on an open plain, by broad sunlight, could not be doubtful. Yet Monmouth should have felt that it was not for him to fly, while thousands whom affection for him had hurried to destruction were still fighting manfully in his cause. But vain hopes and the intense love of life prevailed. He saw that if he tarried the royal cavalry would soon intercept his retreat. He mounted and rode from the field.

Yet his foot, though deserted, made a gallant stand. The Life Guards attacked them on the right, the Blues on the left; but the Somersetshire clowns, with their scythes and the butt ends of their muskets, faced the royal horse like old soldiers. But the struggle of the hardy rustics could not last. Their powder and ball

were spent. Cries were heard of, "Ammunition! for God's sake ammunition!" But no ammunition was at hand. And now the king's artillery came up. The cannon though ill served brought the engagement to a speedy close. The pikes of the rebel battalions began to shake: the ranks broke: the king's cavalry charged again and bore down everything before them: the king's infantry came pouring across the ditch. Even in that extremity the Mendip miners stood bravely to their arms and sold their lives dearly. But the rout was in a few minutes complete. Three hundred of the soldiers had been killed or wounded. Of the rebels more than a thousand lay dead on the moor. So ended the last fight, deserving the name of battle, that has been fought on English ground.

Meanwhile Monmouth, accompanied by Grey, by Buyse, and by a few other friends, was flying from the field of battle. At Chedzoy he stopped a moment to mount a fresh horse and to hide his blue riband and his "George." He then hastened towards the Bristol Channel. From the rising ground on the north of the field of battle he saw the flash and the smoke of the last volley fired by his deserted followers. Before six o'clock he was twenty miles from Sedgemoor. He determined to push for Hampshire, in the hope that he might lurk in the cabins of deer-stealers among the oaks of the New Forest till means of conveyance to the Continent could be procured. He therefore with Grey and the German turned to the south-east. But the way was beset with dangers. The three fugitives had to traverse a country in which every one already knew the event of the battle, and in which no traveller

of suspicious appearance could escape a close scrutiny. They rode on all day, shunning towns and villages. At length, on Cranbourne Chase, the strength of the horses failed. They were therefore turned loose. The bridles and saddles were concealed. Monmouth and his friends procured rustic attire, disguised themselves, and proceeded on foot towards the New Forest. They passed the night in the open air; but before morning they were surrounded on every side by toils. Lord Lumley, who lay at Ringwood with a strong body of the Sussex militia, had sent forth parties in every direction. Sir William Portman with the Somerset militia had formed a chain of posts from the sea to the northern extremity of Dorset. At five in the morning of the seventh, Grey, who had wandered from his friends, was seized by two of the Sussex scouts. It could hardly be doubted that the chief rebel was not far off. The pursuers redoubled their vigilance and activity. Attention was soon drawn to a place well fitted to shelter fugitives. It was an extensive tract of land, separated by an inclosure from the open country and divided by numerous hedges into small fields. In some of these fields the rye, the pease, and the oats were high enough to conceal a man. Others were overgrown with fern and bramble. A poor woman reported that she had seen two strangers lurking in this covert. The near prospect of reward animated the zeal of the troops. It was agreed that every man who did his duty in the search should have a share of the promised five thousand pounds. The outer fence was strictly guarded: the space within was examined with indefatigable diligence, and several dogs of quick scent

were turned out among the bushes. The day closed before the work could be completed ; but careful watch was kept all night. Thirty times the fugitives ventured to look through the outer hedge, but everywhere they found a sentinel on the alert : once they were seen and fired at : they then separated and concealed themselves in different hiding-places.

At sunrise the next morning the search recommenced and Buyse was found. The corn and copsewood were now beaten with more care than ever. At length a gaunt figure was discovered hidden in a ditch. The pursuers sprang on their prey. The prisoner's dress was that of a shepherd ; his beard, prematurely grey, was of several days' growth. He trembled greatly and was unable to speak. Even those who had often seen him were at first in doubt whether this were truly the brilliant and graceful Monmouth. Messengers were instantly despatched to Whitehall with the good news, and the prisoner was conveyed under a strong guard to Ringwood.

Of cowardice Monmouth had never been accused : but his fortitude was not that highest sort of fortitude which is derived from reflection and from self-respect. His courage rose and fell with his animal spirits. It was sustained on the field of battle by the excitement of action, by the hope of victory, by the strange influence of sympathy. All such aids were now taken away. His heart sank within him. Life seemed to be worth purchasing by any humiliation. As soon as he reached Ringwood he wrote to the king. The letter was that of a man whom craven fear had made insensible to shame. He professed in vehement terms his remorse

for his treason. Unhappily he had been seduced from his allegiance by some horrid people who had heated his mind by calumnies and misled him with sophistry: but now he abhorred them: he abhorred himself. He begged in piteous terms that he might be admitted to the royal presence.

Monmouth and Grey remained at Ringwood two days. They were then carried up to London under the guard of a large body of regular troops and militia. In the coach with the duke was an officer whose orders were to stab the prisoner if a rescue were attempted. The march lasted three days and terminated at Vauxhall, where a regiment commanded by Lord Dartmouth was in readiness to receive the prisoners. They were put on board of a state barge and carried down the river to Whitehall Stairs. Both the demeanour of Monmouth and that of Grey during the journey filled all observers with surprise. Monmouth was altogether unnerved: Grey was not only calm but cheerful.

The king cannot be blamed for determining that Monmouth should suffer death. But to see him and not to spare him was an outrage on humanity and decency. This outrage the king resolved to commit. The arms of the prisoner were bound behind him with a silken cord; and thus secured, he was ushered into the presence of the implacable kinsman whom he had wronged.

Then Monmouth threw himself on the ground and crawled to the king's feet. He wept. He tried to embrace his uncle's knees with his pinioned arms. He begged for life, life, only life at any price. He owned that he had been guilty of a great crime, but tried to

throw the blame on others. By the ties of kindred, by the memory of the late king, who had been the best and truest of brothers, the unhappy man adjured James to show some mercy. James gravely replied that this repentance was of the latest, that he was sorry for the misery which the prisoner had brought on himself, but that the case was not one for lenity. A Declaration filled with atrocious calumnies had been put forth. The regal title had been assumed. For treasons so aggravated there could be no pardon on this side of the grave. The poor terrified duke vowed that he had never wished to take the crown, but had been led into that fatal error by others. As for the Declaration, he had not written it: he had signed it without looking at it: it was all the work of Ferguson, that bloody villain Ferguson. "Do you expect me to believe," said James with contempt but too well merited, "that you set your hand to a paper of such moment without knowing what it contained?" One depth of infamy only remained: and even to that the prisoner descended. He was pre-eminently the champion of the Protestant religion. The interest of that religion had been his plea for conspiring against the government of his father, and for bringing on his country the miseries of civil war: yet he was not ashamed to hint that he was inclined to be reconciled to the Church of Rome. The king eagerly offered him spiritual assistance, but said nothing of pardon or respite. "Is there then no hope?" asked Monmouth. James turned away in silence. Then Monmouth strove to rally his courage, rose from his knees, and retired with a firmness which he had not shown since his overthrow.

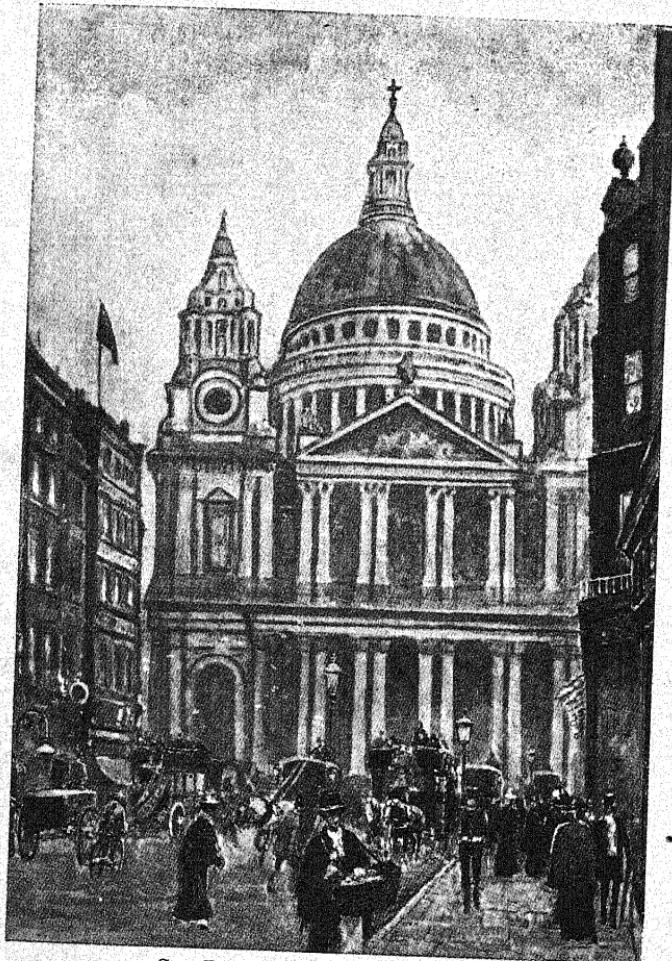
Monmouth and Grey were sent to the Tower by water. There was no tumult; but many thousands of people, with anxiety and sorrow in their faces, tried to catch a glimpse of the captives. On Monday night, two prelates, Turner, Bishop of Ely, and Ken, Bishop of Bath and Wells, arrived at the Tower with a solemn message from the king. On Wednesday morning Monmouth was to die. He was greatly agitated. The blood left his cheeks; and it was some time before he could speak. Most of the short time which remained to him he wasted in vain attempts to obtain if not a pardon at least a respite. He wrote piteous letters to the king and to several courtiers, but in vain.

The hour drew near: all hope was over, and Monmouth had passed from pusillanimous fear to the apathy of despair. It was ten o'clock. The coach of the Lieutenant of the Tower was ready. Monmouth requested his spiritual advisers to accompany him to the place of execution. As he passed along the ranks of the guards he saluted them with a smile and mounted the scaffold with a firm tread. Tower Hill was covered up to the chimney tops with an innumerable multitude of gazers, who, in awful silence, broken only by sighs and the noise of weeping, listened for the last accents of the darling of the people. "I shall say little," he began; "I come here not to speak, but to die. I die a Protestant of the Church of England." The divines reminded him of the ruin which he had brought on his brave and loving followers, of the blood which had been shed, of the souls which had been sent unprepared to the great account: he was touched, and said in a softened voice: "I do own that; I am sorry that it

ever happened." They prayed with him long and fervently; and he joined in their petitions till they invoked a blessing on the king. He remained silent. "Sir," said one of the assistants, "do you not pray for the king with us?" Monmouth paused some time, and after an internal struggle exclaimed, "Amen." He then accosted John Ketch, the executioner. "Here," said the duke, "are six guineas for you. Do not hack me as you did my Lord Russell. My servant will give you some more gold if you do the work well." He then undressed, felt the edge of the axe, expressed some fear that it was not sharp enough, and laid his head on the block.

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The head and body were placed in a coffin covered with black velvet and were laid privately under the communion table of St. Peter's Chapel in the Tower. In truth, there is no sadder spot on the earth than that little cemetery. Death is there associated, not, as in Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's, with genius and virtue, with public veneration and with imperishable renown; but with whatever is darkest in human nature and in human destiny, with the savage triumph of implacable enemies, with the inconstancy, the ingratitude, the cowardice of friends, with all the miseries of fallen greatness and of blighted fame. Thither have been carried, through successive ages, by the rude hands of gaolers, without one mourner following, the bleeding relics of men who had been the captains of armies, the leaders of parties, the oracles of senates, and the ornaments of courts. Thither was borne, before the window where Jane Grey was praying, the mangled



*St. Paul's Cathedral, London.*

corpse of Guilford Dudley. Edward Seymour, Duke of Somerset and Protector of the realm, reposes there by the brother whom he murdered. There has mouldered away the headless trunk of John Fisher, Bishop of Rochester and Cardinal of St. Vitalis, a man worthy to have lived in a better age and to have died in a better cause. There are laid John Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, Lord High Admiral, and Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex, Lord High Treasurer. There too is another Essex on whom nature and fortune had lavished all their bounties in vain, and whom valour, genius, royal favour, popular applause conducted to an early and ignominious doom. Not far off sleep two chiefs of the great house of Howard—Thomas, fourth Duke of Norfolk, and Philip, eleventh Earl of Arundel. Here and there among the thick graves of unquiet and aspiring statesmen lie more delicate sufferers—Margaret of Salisbury, the last of the proud name of Plantagenet, and those two fair queens who perished by the jealous rage of Henry. Such was the dust with which the dust of Monmouth mingled.

## *OF KING'S TREASURIES.*

JOHN RUSKIN.

GRANTING that we had both the will and the sense to choose our friends well, how few of us have the power ! or, at least, how limited, for most, is the sphere of choice ! Nearly all our associations are determined by chance or necessity ; and restricted within a narrow circle. We cannot know whom we would ; and those whom we know, we cannot have at our side when we most need them. All the higher circles of human intelligence are, to those beneath, only momentarily and partially open. We may, by good fortune, obtain a glimpse of a great poet, and hear the sound of his voice ; or put a question to a man of science, and be answered good-humouredly. We may intrude ten minutes' talk on a cabinet minister, answered probably with words worse than silence, being deceptive ; or snatch, once or twice in our lives, the privilege of throwing a bouquet in the path of a princess, or arresting the kind glance of a queen. And yet these momentary chances we covet ; and spend our years, and passions, and powers in pursuit of little more than these ; while, meantime, there is a society continually open to us, of people who will talk to us as long as we like, whatever our rank or occupation —talk to us in the best words they can choose, and with thanks if we listen to them. And this society, because it is so numerous and so gentle, and can be kept waiting round us all day long, not to grant audience, but to

gain it—kings and statesmen lingering patiently in those plainly furnished and narrow ante-rooms, our bookcase shelves—we make no account of that company, perhaps never listen to a word they would say, all day long!

You may tell me, perhaps, or think within yourselves, that the apathy with which we regard this company of the noble, who are praying us to listen to them, and the passion with which we pursue the company, probably of the ignoble, who despise us, or who have nothing to teach us, are grounded in this, that we can see the faces of the living men, and it is themselves, and not their sayings, with which we desire to become familiar. But it is not so. Suppose you never were to see their faces—suppose you could be put behind a screen in the statesman's cabinet, or the prince's chamber, would you not be glad to listen to their words, though you were forbidden to advance beyond the screen? And when the screen is only a little less, folded in two, instead of four, and you can be hidden behind the cover of the two boards that bind a book, and listen, all day long, not to the casual talk, but to the studied, determined, chosen addresses of the wisest of men—this station of audience, and honourable privy council you despise!

But perhaps you will say that it is because the living people talk of things that are passing, and are of immediate interest to you, that you desire to hear them.

Nay; that cannot be so, for the living people will themselves tell you about passing matters, much better in their writings than in their careless talk. But I admit that this motive does influence you, so far as you prefer those rapid and ephemeral writings to slow and enduring writings—books, properly so called. For all

books are divisible into two classes—the books of the hour, and the books of all time. Mark this distinction—it is not one of quality only. It is not merely the bad book that does not last, and the good one that does. It is a distinction of species. There are good books for the hour, and good ones for all time; bad books for the hour, and bad ones for all time. I must define the two kinds before I go further.

The good book of the hour, then—I do not speak of the bad ones—is simply the useful or pleasant talk of some person whom you cannot otherwise converse with, printed for you. Very useful often, telling you what you need to know; very pleasant often, as a sensible friend's present talk would be. These bright accounts of travels; good-humoured and witty discussions of question; lively or pathetic story-telling in the form of novel; firm fact-telling, by the real agents concerned in the events of passing history—all these books of the hour, multiplying among us as education becomes more general, are a peculiar characteristic and possession of the present age: we ought to be entirely thankful for them, and entirely ashamed of ourselves if we make no good use of them. But we make the worst possible use, if we allow them to usurp the place of true books: for, strictly speaking, they are not books at all, but merely letters or newspapers in good print. Our friend's letter may be delightful, or necessary, to-day: whether worth keeping or not, is to be considered. The newspaper may be entirely proper at breakfast time, but assuredly it is not reading for all day. So, though bound up in a volume, the long letter which gives you so pleasant an account of the inns and roads and weather last year at

such a place, or which tells you that amusing story, or gives you the real circumstances of such and such events, however valuable for occasional reference, may not be, in the real sense of the word, a "book" at all, nor, in the real sense, to be "read." A book is essentially not a talked thing, but a written thing; and written, not with the view of mere communication, but of permanence. The book of talk is printed only because its author cannot speak to thousands of people at once; if he could, he would—the volume is mere *multiplication* of his voice. You cannot talk to your friend in India; if you could, you would; you write instead: that is mere *conveyance* of voice. But a book is written, not to multiply the voice merely, not to carry it merely, but to preserve it. The author has something to say which he perceives to be true and useful, or helpfully beautiful. So far as he knows, no one has yet said it; so far as he knows, no one else can say it. He is bound to say it, clearly and melodiously if he may; clearly, at all events. In the sum of his life he finds this to be the thing, or group of things, manifest to him; this the piece of true knowledge, or sight which his share of sunshine and earth has permitted him to seize. He would fain set it down for ever; engrave it on rock, if he could: saying, "This is the best of me; for the rest, I ate, and drank, and slept, loved, and hated, like another: my life was as the vapour, and is not; but this I saw and knew; this, if anything of mine, is worth your memory." That is his "writing;" it is, in his small human way, and with whatever degree of true inspiration is in him, his inscription, or scripture. That is a "Book."

Perhaps you think no books were ever so written?

But, again, I ask you, do you at all believe in honesty, or at all in kindness? or do you think there is never any honesty or benevolence in wise people? None of us, I hope, are so unhappy as to think that. Well, whatever bit of a wise man's work is honestly and benevolently done, that bit is his book or his piece of art. It is mixed always with evil fragments—ill-done, redundant, affected work. But if you read rightly, you will easily discover the true bits, and those *are* the book.

Now, books of this kind have been written in all ages by their greatest men; by great leaders, great statesmen, and great thinkers. These are all at your choice; and life is short. You have heard as much before; yet have you measured and mapped out this short life and its possibilities? Do you know, if you read this, that you cannot read that—that what you lose to-day you cannot gain to-morrow? Will you go and gossip with your housemaid, or your stable-boy, when you may talk with queens and kings; or flatter yourselves that it is with any worthy consciousness of your own claims to respect that you jostle with the common crowd for *entrée* here and audience there, when all the while this eternal court is open to you, with its society wide as the world, multitudinous as its days, the chosen, and the mighty, of every place and time? Into that you may enter always; in that you may take fellowship and rank according to your wish; from that, once entered into it, you can never be outcast but by your own fault; by your aristocracy of companionship, there, your own inherent aristocracy will be assuredly tested, and the motives

with which you strive to take high place in the society of the living measured, as to all the truth and sincerity that are in them, by the place you desire to take in this company of the Dead.

“The place you desire,” and the place you *fit yourself for*, I must also say; because, observe, this court of the past differs from all living aristocracy in this: it is open to labour and to merit, but to nothing else. No wealth will bribe, no name overawe, no artifice deceive, the guardian of those Elysian gates. In the deep sense, no vile or vulgar person ever enters there. At the portières of that silent Faubourg St. Germain there is but brief question, “Do you deserve to enter? Pass. Do you ask to be the companion of nobles? Make yourself noble, and you shall be. Do you long for the conversation of the wise? Learn to understand it, and you shall hear it. But on other terms?—no. If you will not rise to us, we cannot stoop to you. The living lord may assume courtesy, the living philosopher explain his thought to you with considerate pain; but here we neither reign nor interpret; you must rise to the level of our thoughts if you would be gladdened by them, and share our feelings if you would recognize our presence.”

This, then, is what you have to do, and I admit that it is much. You must, in a word, love these people, if you are to be among them. No ambition is of any use. They scorn your ambition. You must love them, and show your love in these two following ways.

1. First, by a true desire to be taught by them, and to enter into their thoughts. To enter into theirs,

observe ; not to find your own expressed by them. If the person who wrote the book is not wiser than you, you need not read it ; if he be, he will think differently from you in many respects.

Very ready we are to say of a book, "How good this is—that's exactly what I think !" But the right feeling is, "How strange that is ! I never thought of that before, and yet I see it is true ; or if I do not now, I hope I shall, some day." But whether thus submissively or not, at least be sure that you go to the author to get at *his* meaning, not to find yours. Judge it afterwards, if you think yourself qualified to do so, but ascertain it first. And be sure also, if the author is worth anything, that you will not get at his meaning all at once ; nay, that at his whole meaning you will not for a long time arrive in any wise. Not that he does not say what he means and in strong words too ; but he cannot say it all ; and what is more strange, will not, but in a hidden way and in parables, in order that he may be sure you want it. I cannot quite see the reason of this, nor analyse that cruel reticence in the breasts of wise men which makes them always hide their deeper thought. They do not give it you by way of help, but of reward, and will make themselves sure that you deserve it before they allow you to reach it. But it is the same with the physical type of wisdom, gold. There seems, to you and me, no reason, why the electric forces of the earth should not carry whatever there is of gold within it at once to the mountain-tops, so that kings and people might know that all the gold they could get was there ; and without any trouble of digging, or anxiety, or chance, or waste of

time, cut it away, and coin as much as they needed. But Nature does not manage it so. She puts it in little fissures in the earth, nobody knows where; you may dig long and find none; you must dig painfully to find any.

And it is just the same with men's best wisdom. When you come to a good book, you must ask yourself, "Am I inclined to work as an Australian miner would? Are my pick-axes and shovels in good order, and am I in good trim myself, my sleeves well up to the elbow, and my breath good, and my temper?" And, keeping the figure a little longer, even at cost of tiresomeness, for it is a thoroughly useful one, the metal you are in search of being the author's mind or meaning, his words are as the rock which you have to crush and smelt in order to get at it. And your pick-axes are your own care, wit, and learning; your smelting furnace is your own thoughtful soul. Do not hope to get at any good author's meaning without those tools and that fire; often you will need sharpest, finest chiselling, and patientest fusing, before you can gather one grain of the metal.

And, therefore, first of all, I tell you earnestly and authoritatively (I *know* I am right in this), you must get into the habit of looking intensely at words, and assuring yourself of their meaning, syllable by syllable—nay, letter by letter. For though it is only by reason of the opposition of letters in the function of signs, to sounds in function of signs, that the study of books is called "literature," and that a man versed in it is called, by the consent of nations, a man of letters instead of a man of books, or of words, you may yet

connect with that accidental nomenclature this real principle—that you might read all the books in the British Museum (if you could live long enough), and remain an utterly “illiterate,” uneducated person; but that if you read ten pages of a good book, letter by letter—that is to say, with real accuracy—you are for evermore in some measure an educated person. The entire difference between education and non-education (as regards the merely intellectual part of it) consists in this accuracy. A well-educated gentleman may not know many languages, may not be able to speak any but his own, may have read very few books. But whatever language he knows, he knows precisely: whatever word he pronounces he pronounces rightly: above all he is learned in the *peerage* of words; knows the words of true descent and ancient blood, at a glance, from words of modern *canaille*; remembers all their ancestry—their intermarriages, distantest relationships, and the extent to which they were admitted, and offices they held, among the national noblesse of words at any time, and in any country. But an uneducated person may know by memory any number of languages, and talk them all, and yet truly know not a word of any—not a word even of his own. An ordinarily clever and sensible seaman will be able to make his way ashore at most ports; yet he has only to speak a sentence of any language to be known for an illiterate person; so also the accent, or turn of expression of a single sentence, will at once mark a scholar. And this is so strongly felt, so conclusively admitted by educated persons, that a false accent or a mistaken syllable is enough, in the parliament of any civilized nation, to

assign to a man a certain degree of inferior standing for ever.

And this is right ; but it is a pity that the accuracy insisted on is not greater, and required to a serious purpose. It is right that a false Latin quantity should excite a smile in the House of Commons ; but it is wrong that a false English meaning should *not* excite a frown there. Let the accent of words be watched, by all means, but let their meaning be watched more closely still, and fewer will do the work. A few words well chosen and well distinguished will do work that a thousand cannot, when every one is acting, equivocally, in the function of another. Yes ; and words, if they are not watched, will do deadly work sometimes. There are masked words droning and skulking about us in Europe just now—(there never were so many, owing to the spread of a shallow, blotching, blundering, infectious “information,” or rather deformation, everywhere, and to the teaching of catechisms and phrases at schools instead of human meanings)—there are masked words abroad, I say, which nobody understands, but which everybody uses, and most people will also fight for, live for, or even die for, fancying they mean this, or that, or the other, of things dear to them : for such words wear chameleon cloaks—“groundlion” cloaks, of the colour of the ground of any man’s fancy : on that ground they lie in wait, and rend him with a spring from it. There were never creatures of prey so mischievous, never diplomatists so cunning, never poisoners so deadly, as these masked words ; they are the unjust stewards of all men’s ideas : whatever fancy or favourite instinct a man most cherishes, he gives to his favourite masked word

to take care of for him ; the word at last comes to have an infinite power over him, you cannot get at him but by its ministry.

You will not be able, for many and many a day, to come at the real purposes and teaching of these great men ; but a very little honest study of them will enable you to perceive that what you took for your own "judgment" was mere chance prejudice, and drifted, helpless, entangled weed of castaway thought : nay, you will see that most men's minds are indeed little better than rough heath wilderness, neglected and stubborn, partly barren, partly overgrown with pestilent brakes and venomous wind-sown herbage of evil surmise ; that the first thing you have to do for them, and yourself, is eagerly and scornfully to set fire to *this* ; burn all the jungle into wholesome ash-heaps, and then plough and sow. All the true literary work before you, for life, must begin with obedience to that order, "Break up your fallow ground, and *sow not among thorns*."

2. Having then faithfully listened to the great teachers, that you may enter into their Thoughts, you have yet this higher advance to make—you have to enter into their Hearts. As you go to them first for clear sight, so you must stay with them that you may share at last their just and mighty Passion. Passion, or "sensation." I am not afraid of the word ; still less of the thing. You have heard many outcries against sensation lately ; but, I can tell you, it is not less sensation we want, but more. The ennobling difference between one man and another—between one animal and another—is precisely in this, that one feels more than another. If we were sponges, perhaps sensation might not be easily got for us ; if we

were earth-worms, liable at every instant to be cut in two by the spade, perhaps too much sensation might not be good for us. But, being human creatures, *it is* good for us : nay, we are only human in so far as we are sensitive, and our honour is precisely in proportion to our passion.

You know I said of that great and pure society of the dead, that it would allow "no vain or vulgar person to enter there." What do you think I meant by a "vulgar" person? What do you yourselves mean by "vulgarity"? You will find it a fruitful subject of thought ; but, briefly, the essence of all vulgarity lies in want of sensation. Simple and innocent vulgarity is merely an untrained and undeveloped bluntness of body and mind ; but in true inbred vulgarity there is a deathful callousness, which, in extremity, becomes capable of every sort of bestial habit and crime, without fear, without pleasure, without horror, and without pity. It is in the blunt hand and the dead heart, in the diseased habit, in the hardened conscience, that men become vulgar ; they are for ever vulgar, precisely in proportion as they are incapable of sympathy, of quick understanding, of all that, in deep insistence on the common, but most accurate term, may be called the "tact" or touch-faculty of body and soul : that tact which the Mimosa has in trees, which the pure woman has above all creatures—fineness and fulness of sensation, beyond reason ; the guide and sanctifier of reason itself. Reason can but determine what is true : it is the God-given passion of humanity which alone can recognize what God has made good.

## *CAWNPORE.*

GEORGE OTTO TREVELYAN.

ON the first of July the prisoners were removed to a small building north of the canal, situated between the black city and the Ganges. This humble dwelling has since been known in India as the Beebeegur, or House of the Ladies: in England as the House of the Massacre. It comprised two principal rooms, each twenty feet by ten, certain windowless closets intended for the use of native domestics, and an open court some fifteen yards square. Here during a fortnight of the Eastern summer were penned two hundred and six persons of European extraction: for the most part women and children of gentle birth. The grown men were but five in number: the three gentlemen of Futtéhgur, who are supposed to have been Mr. Thornhill, the judge, and Colonels Smith and Goldie, together with Mr. Edward Greenway and his son Thomas.

If the various degrees of wretchedness are to be estimated by the faculty for suffering contained in the victim, then were these ladies of all women the most miserable. They had neither furniture nor bedding nor straw, nothing but coarse and hard bamboo matting, unless they preferred a smoother couch upon the bare floor. They fed sparingly on cakes of unleavened dough, and lentil porridge dished up in earthen pans without spoon or plate. There was some talk of meat on

Sundays, but it never came to anything. Once the children got a little milk. The matron of these female prisoners was a woman described as tall, of a fair complexion, twenty-eight or thirty years in age, but with a few grey hairs. She went by the nickname of "the Begum."

Hardship, heat, wounds, and want of space and proper nourishment released many from their bondage before the season marked out by Azimoolah for a jail delivery such as the world had seldom witnessed. A native doctor, himself a prisoner, has left a list of deaths which occurred between the seventh and the fifteenth of the month. Within these eight days, of which one was incomplete, as will be seen by those who read on, there succumbed to cholera and dysentery eighteen women, seven children, and an Hindoo nurse. The number of captives diminished so fast that the Nana began to fear lest he should soon have no hostages wherewith to provide against the consequences of a possible reverse. They were accordingly driven twice a day into the verandah and forced to sit there until they had inhaled as much fresh air as in the judgment of the Begum would support an English constitution for the space of twelve hours.

Meanwhile the British were approaching for the purpose of releasing their compatriots. At four o'clock in the afternoon of July 15 (1857), or between that and five, some of the Nana's people went across to the house of bondage and bade the Englishmen who were there to come forth. Forth they came: the three persons from Futtehgur and the merchant and his son, accompanied by the biggest of the children,



*The Angel of the Memorial Well, Cawnpore.*

a youth of fourteen, who, poor boy, was glad perhaps to take this opportunity of classing himself with his elders. All around was a deep throng of spectators, the foremost rows seated on the ground, so that those behind might see: while an outer circle occupied as it were reserved places on the wall of the enclosure. When this concourse was noticed by our countrymen their lips moved as if in prayer. At the gate which led into the road they were stopped by a squad of sepoys and shot dead. Their bodies were thrown on to the grass which bordered the highway, and became the sport of the rabble, who doubtless pointed to them in turn and said, "That Sahib is the Governor of Bengal, and this is the Governor of Madras, and this is the Governor of Bombay." That was the joke which during that twelvemonth went the round of Northern India.

About half an hour after this the woman called "the Begum" informed the captives that the Peishwa had determined to have them killed. She presently returned with five men, each carrying a sabre. Two were Hindoo peasants: the one thirty-five years of age, fair and tall, with long mustachios, but flat-faced and wall-eyed; the other considerably his senior, short and of a sallow complexion. Two were butchers by calling; portly, strapping fellows, both well on in life. The larger of the two was disfigured by the traces of the small-pox. They were Mohammedans, of course, as no Hindoo could adopt a trade which obliged him to spill the blood of a cow. These four were dressed in dirty-white clothes. The fifth, likewise a Mussulman, wore the red uniform of the Maharaja's body-guard, and is reported to have

been the sweetheart of the Begum. He was called Survur Khan.

The sepoys were bidden to fall on. Half a dozen among them advanced and discharged their muskets through the windows at the ceiling of the apartment. Thereupon the five men entered. It was the short gloaming of Hindostan: the hour when ladies take their evening drive. Shrieks and scuffling acquainted those without that the journeymen were earning their hire. Survur Khan soon emerged with his sword broken off at the hilt. He procured another from the Nana's house, and a few minutes after appeared again on the same errand. The third blade was of better temper, or perhaps the thick of the work was already over. By the time darkness had closed in the men came forth and locked up the house for the night. Then the screams ceased: but the groans lasted till morning.

The sun rose as usual; when he had been up nearly three hours the five repaired to the scene of their labours over-night. They were attended by a few sweepers, who proceeded to transfer the contents of the house to a dry well situated behind some trees which grew hard by. "Their bodies," says one who was present throughout, "were dragged out, most of them by the hair of the head. Those who had clothes worth taking were stripped. Some of the women were alive. I cannot say how many; but three could speak. They prayed for the sake of God that an end might be put to their sufferings. The dead were first thrown in. Yes: there was a great crowd looking on: they were standing along the walls of the compound. They

were principally city people and villagers. Three boys were alive. They were fair children. The eldest, I think, must have been six or seven, and the youngest five years. They were running round the well (where else could they go to?), and there was none to save them. No: none said a word or tried to save them."

At length the smallest of them made an infantile attempt to get away. The little thing had been frightened past bearing by the murder of one of the surviving ladies. He thus attracted the observation of a native, who flung him and his companions down the well. One deponent is of opinion that the man first took the trouble to kill the children. Others think not. The corpses of the gentlemen must have been committed to the same receptacle; for a townsman who looked over the brink fancied that there was a "Sahib uppermost." This is the history of what took place at Cawnpore, between four in the afternoon of one day and nine in the morning of another. Long before noon on the 16th July there remained no living European within the circuit of the station.

But there were plenty at no great distance. Soon after daybreak on Friday the 17th July the English van was marching across the desolate plain which lay to southward of the city. Of what took place the less said the better. But there was a spectacle which might excuse much. Those who, straight from the contested field, wandered sobbing through the rooms of the ladies' house, saw what it were well could the outraged earth have straightway hidden. The inner apartment was ankle-deep in blood. The plaster was scored with sword-cuts: not high up, as where men have fought;

but low down and about the corners, as if a creature had crouched to avoid the blow. Strips of dresses vainly tied round the handles of the doors signified the contrivance to which feminine despair had resorted as a means of keeping out the murderers. Broken combs were there, and the frills of children's trousers and torn cuffs and pinafores, and little round hats and one or two shoes with burst latchets, and one or two daguerreotype cases with cracked glasses. An officer picked up a few curls preserved in a bit of cardboard. It marked "Ned's hair, with love;" but around were strewn locks, some near a yard in length, dissevered not as a keepsake by quite other scissors.

The library of the captives was small indeed; but such books as they had were to the purpose. The earliest comers discovered among the vestiges of slaughter a treatise entitled "Preparation for Death," and a Bible. The list was closed by a church service from which the cover had been stripped and many pages at the end torn off. Unbound and incomplete, it had fulfilled its mission; for it opened of itself where, within a crumpled and crimson-sprinkled margin, might be read the concise and beautiful supplications of our Litany. It concluded, that mutilated copy, with the forty-seventh Psalm, wherein David thanks the Almighty for a victory and a saving mercy:—

"O clap your hands, all ye people: O sing unto God with a voice of melody.

"He shall subdue the people under us: and the nations under our feet.

"God is gone up with a merry noise, and the Lord with the sound of a trump.

“God rejoiceth over the heathen: God sitteth on his holy seat.

“God which is very high exalted doth defend the earth as it were with a shield.”

Such were the printed lines which from amidst the rent tresses and shivered toys, and the scraps of muslin dyed in the most costly of all pigments, lay staring up to high heaven in tacit but impressive irony.

*By kind permission of the*  
RIGHT HONOURABLE SIR G. O. TREVELYAN.

## *THE ELIZABETHAN SEAMEN.*

JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE.

HAKLUYT'S "Voyages" may be called the Prose Epic of the modern English nation. They contain the heroic tales of the exploits of the great men in whom the new era was inaugurated ; not mythic like the Iliads and the Eddas, but plain, broad narratives of substantial facts which rival them in interest and grandeur. What the old epics were to the royally or nobly born, this modern epic is to the common people. We have no longer kings or princes for chief actors, to whom the heroism like the dominion of the world had in time past been confined. But as it was in the days of the apostles, when a few poor fishermen from an obscure lake in Palestine assumed under the divine mission the spiritual authority over mankind, so in the days of our own Elizabeth, the seamen from the banks of the Thames and the Avon, the Plym and the Dart, self-taught and self-directed, with no impulse but what was beating in their own royal hearts, went out across the unknown seas, fighting, discovering, colonizing, and graved out the channels, and at last paved them with their bones, through which the commerce and enterprise of England has flowed out over all the world. The heroes themselves were the men of the people—the Joneses, the Smiths, the Davises, the Drakes : and no courtly pen, with the one exception of Raleigh, lent its polish or

its varnish to set their tales off. In most cases the captain himself or his clerk or servant or some unknown gentleman volunteer sat down and chronicled the voyage which he had shared, and thus inorganically arose a collection of writings which, with all their simplicity, are for nothing more striking than for the high moral beauty warmed with natural feeling which displays itself through all their pages.

From a combination of causes, the whole force and energy of the age was directed towards the sea. The wide excitement and the greatness of the interests at stake raised even common men above themselves: and people who in ordinary times would have been no more than mere seamen or mere money-making merchants, appear before us with a largeness and greatness of heart and mind in which their duties to God and their country are alike clearly and broadly seen and felt to be paramount to every other. Ordinary English traders we find fighting Spanish warships in behalf of the Protestant faith: the cruisers of the Spanish main were full of generous eagerness for the conversion of the savage nations to Christianity. In the conflict with the Spaniards there was a further feeling, a feeling of genuine chivalry which was spurring on the English, and one which must be well understood and well remembered if men like Drake and Hawkins and Raleigh are to be tolerably understood. A high mission, undertaken with a generous heart, seldom fails to make those worthy of it to whom it is given; and it was a point of honour, if of nothing more, among the English sailors to do no discredit by their conduct to the greatness of their cause. The Elizabethan navigators



*Sir Francis Drake.*

bear names untainted, as far as we know, with a single crime against the savages: and the name of England was as famous in the Indian seas as that of Spain was infamous. On the banks of the Oronoko there was remembered for a hundred years the noble captain who had come there from the great Queen beyond the seas: and Raleigh speaks the language of the heart of his country when he urges the English statesmen to colonize Guiana, and exults in the glorious hope of driving the white marauder into the Pacific and restoring the Incas to the throne of Peru. "Who will not be persuaded," he says, "that now at length the great Judge of the world hath heard the sighs, groans, and lamentations, hath seen the tears and blood of so many millions of innocent men, women, and children, afflicted, robbed, reviled, branded with hot irons, roasted, dismembered, mangled, stabbed, whipped, racked, scalded with hot oil, put to the strapado, ripped alive, beheaded in sport, drowned, dashed against the rocks, famished, devoured by mastiffs, burned and by infinite cruelties consumed, and purposeth to scourge and plague that cursed nation and to take the yoke of servitude from that distressed people, as free by nature as any Christian."

The English navigators appeared along the shores of South America as the armed soldiers of the Reformation and as the avengers of humanity: and, on the whole, the conduct and character of the English sailors present us all through that age with such a picture of gallantry, disinterestedness, and high, heroic energy as has never been overmatched: the more remarkable as it was the fruit of no drill or discipline, no tradition, no

system, no organized training, but was the free native growth of a noble virgin soil.

Before starting on an expedition, it was usual for the crew and officers to meet and arrange among themselves a series of articles of conduct to which they bound themselves by a formal agreement, the entire body itself undertaking to see to their observance. It is quite possible that strong religious profession, and even sincere profession, might be accompanied, as it was in the Spaniards, with everything most detestable. It is not sufficient of itself to prove that their actions would correspond with it, but it is one among a number of evidences. Here is an instance. Hawkins's ship's company was, as he himself informs us, an unusually loose one. Nevertheless we find them "gathered together every morning and evening to serve God;" and a fire on board, which only Hawkins's presence of mind prevented from destroying ship and crew together, was made use of by the men as an occasion to banish swearing out of the ship.

The modern theory of Drake is that he was a gentleman-like pirate on a large scale, who is indebted for the place which he fills in history to the indistinct ideas of right and wrong prevailing in the unenlightened age in which he lived. Let us see how the following incident can be made to coincide with this hypothesis:—

A few days after clearing the Channel on his first great voyage, he fell in with a small Spanish ship, which he took for a prize. He committed the care of it to a certain Mr. Doughty, a person much trusted by, and personally very dear to him, and this second vessel was to follow him as a tender.

In dangerous expeditions into unknown seas, a second smaller ship was often indispensable to success: but many finely-intended enterprises were ruined by the cowardice of the officers to whom such ships were entrusted, who shrank as danger thickened, and again and again took advantage of darkness or heavy weather to make sail for England and forsake their commander. Hawkins twice suffered in this way: so did Sir Humphrey Gilbert: and although Drake's own kind feeling for his old friend has prevented him from leaving an exact account of his offence, we gather from the scattered hints which are let fall that he too was meditating a similar piece of treason. When at Port St. Julien, "Our general," says one of the crew, "began to inquire diligently of the actions of Mr. Thomas Doughty, and found them not to be such as he looked for, but tending rather to contention or mutiny, or some other disorder, whereby, without redress, the success of the voyage might greatly have been hazarded. Whereupon the company was called together and made acquainted with the particulars of the cause, which were found, partly by Mr. Doughty's own confession and partly by the evidence of the fact, to be true, which, when our general saw, although his private affection to Mr. Doughty (as he then, in the presence of us all, sacredly protested) was great, yet the care which he had of the state of the voyage, of the expectation of Her Majesty, and of the honour of his country, did more touch him, as indeed it ought, than the private respect of one man: so that the cause being thoroughly heard and all things done in good order as near as might be to the course of our law in England, it was

concluded that Mr. Doughty should receive punishment according to the quality of the offence. And he, seeing no remedy but patience for himself, desired before his death to receive the communion, which he did at the hands of Mr. Fletcher, our minister, and our general himself accompanied him in that holy action, which being done and the place of execution made ready, he, having embraced our general and taken leave of all the company, with prayers for the Queen's Majesty and our realm, in quiet sort laid his head to the block, where he ended his life. This being done, our general made divers speeches to the whole company, persuading us to unity, obedience, love, and regard of our voyage, and for the better confirmation thereof willed every man the next Sunday following to prepare himself to receive the communion as Christian brethren and friends ought to do, which was done in very reverent sort, and so with good contentment every man went about his business."

The simple majesty of this anecdote can gain nothing from any comment which we might offer upon it. The crew of a common English ship organizing of their own free motion on that wild shore a judgment hall more grand and awful than any most elaborate law court with its ermine and black cap and robes of ceremony for mind as well as body is not to be reconciled with the pirate theory.

Some two miles above the port of Dartmouth there has stood for some centuries the Manor House of Greenaway. In the latter half of the sixteenth century there must have met in the hall of this mansion a party as remarkable as could have been found anywhere in

England. Humphrey and Adrian Gilbert, with their half-brother, Walter Raleigh, here when little boys played at sailors in the reaches of Long Stream: in the summer evenings doubtless rowing down with the tide to the port and wondering at the quaint figure-heads and carved prows of the ships which thronged it, or climbing on board and listening with hearts beating to the mariners' tales of the new earth beyond the sunset: and here in later life, matured men whose boyish dreams had become heroic action, they used again to meet in the intervals of quiet, and the rock is shown underneath the house where Raleigh smoked the first tobacco. Of this party we confine ourselves to the host and owner, Humphrey Gilbert—knighted afterwards by Elizabeth.

He convinced himself that there was a north-west passage. Two voyages which he undertook at his own cost, which shattered his fortune and failed, did not dishearten him, and in June 1583 a last fleet of five ships sailed from the port of Dartmouth, with commission from the queen to discover and take possession from latitude  $45^{\circ}$  to  $50^{\circ}$  north—a voyage not a little noteworthy, there being planted in the course of it the first English colony west of the Atlantic. Elizabeth had a foreboding that she should never see him again. She sent him a jewel as a last token of her favour, and she desired Raleigh to have his picture taken before he went.

The history of the voyage was written by a Mr. Edward Hayes of Dartmouth, one of the principal actors in it. The fleet consisted of the *Delight*, 120 tons; the barque *Raleigh*, 200 tons (this ship deserted



*"The General sat abaft with a book in his hand."*  
(See page 227.)

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off the Land's End) ; the *Golden Hinde* and the *Swallow*, 40 tons each ; and the *Squirrel*, which was called the frigate, 10 tons. For the uninitiated in such matters, we may add that in a vessel the size of the last a member of the Yacht Club would consider that he had earned a club-room immortality if he had ventured a run in the depth of summer from Cowes to the Channel Islands.

The expedition reached Newfoundland without accident. St. John's was taken possession of and a colony left there, and Sir Humphrey then set out exploring along the American coast to the south : he himself doing all the work in his little 10-ton cutter, the service being too dangerous for the larger vessels to venture on. One of these had remained at St. John's. He was now accompanied only by the *Delight* and the *Golden Hinde*, and these two keeping as near the shore as they dared, he spent what remained of the summer examining every creek and bay, marking the soundings, taking the bearings of the possible harbours, and risking his life as every hour he was obliged to risk it in such a service, in thus leading, as it were, the forlorn hope in the conquest of the New World. A storm came : the *Delight* struck upon a bank and went down in sight of the other vessels, which were unable to render her any help. Sir Humphrey's papers among other things were all lost in her : at the time considered by him an irreparable misfortune. But it was little matter : he was never to need them. The *Golden Hinde* and the *Squirrel* were now left alone of the five ships. The provisions were running short and the summer season was closing. Both crews were on short allowance, and

with much difficulty Sir Humphrey was prevailed upon to be satisfied for the present with what he had done, and to lay off for England.

Two-thirds of the way home they met foul weather and terrible seas, "breaking short and pyramid-wise." Men who had all their lives "occupied the sea" had never seen it more outrageous. "We had also upon our mainyard an apparition of a little fire by night which seamen do call Castor and Pollux."

"Monday the ninth of September in the afternoon the frigate was near cast away oppressed by waves, but at that time recovered and giving forth signs of joy, the general sitting abaft with a book in his hand, cried unto us in the *Hinde* as often as we did approach within hearing: 'We are as near to heaven by sea as by land,' reiterating the same speech, well beseeming a soldier resolute in Jesus Christ, as I can testify that he was. The same Monday night about twelve of the clock or not long after, the frigate being ahead of us in the *Golden Hinde*, suddenly her lights were out, whereof as it were in a moment we lost the sight, and withal our watch cried 'The general was cast away,' which was too true."

It was a fine end for a mortal man. We will not call it sad or tragic, but heroic and sublime: and if our eyes water as we write it down, it is not with sorrow, but with joy and pride.

## *WATERLOO.*

THOMAS CREEVEY.

SOME short time before the battle of Waterloo, a fortnight perhaps or three weeks, the two Miss Ords and myself were walking in the park at Brussels. When opposite the Ambassador's house, the Duke of Wellington and Sir Charles Stuart having been joined in conversation parted and the Duke joined us. It was the day the papers had arrived from England, bringing the debates in Parliament, where the question is the war. So he began to me by observing, "What a good thing it is for Ministers that Grattan has made a speech in favour of the war!" to which I replied that all Ministers were always lucky in finding some unexpected support; "and now, will you let me ask you, Duke, what you think you will make of it?" He stopt and said in the most natural manner, "By heaven, I think Blücher and myself can do the thing." "Do you calculate," I asked, "upon any desertion in Bonaparte's army?" "Not upon a man," he said, "from the colonel to the private in a regiment, both inclusive. We may pick up a marshal or two perhaps, but no good at all." "Do you reckon," I asked, "upon any support from the French king's troops at Alost?" "Oh," said he, "don't mention such fellows! No, I think Blücher and I can do the business." Then seeing a private soldier of one of our infantry regiments enter the park, gaping about

at the statues and images, "There," he said, pointing at the soldier, "it all depends upon that article whether we do the business or not. Give me enough of it and I am sure."

Sunday, June the 18th, was of course a most anxious day with us. Between eleven and twelve I perceived that the horses, men, carts, and carriages of all descriptions, laden with baggage, which had filled every street all night, had received orders to march, and I never felt more anxiety than to see the route they took; for, had they taken the Antwerp or Ostend road, I should have concluded we were not to keep our ground. They all went up the Rue de Namur *towards the army*.

About three o'clock I walked about two miles out of the town towards the army, and a most curious busy scene it was, with every kind of thing upon the road, the Sunday population of Brussels being all out in the suburbs out of the Porte Namur, sitting round tables drinking beer and smoking and making merry, as if races or other sports were going on, instead of the great pitched battle which was then fighting.

Upon my return home about four, I had scarcely got into my own room to dress for dinner, when Miss Elizabeth Ord came running into the room, saying, "For Heaven's sake, Mr. Creevey, come into the drawing-room to my mother immediately. *The French are in the town.*" I could not bring myself to believe that to be true, and I said so with my reasons; but I said, "Let all the outside blinds be put to and I will come in an instant." So having remained five or ten minutes in the drawing-room and hearing nothing, I

went out; and then I found the alarm had been occasioned by the flight of a German regiment of cavalry, the Cumberland Hussars, who had quitted the field of battle, galloping through the forest of Soignes, entering the Porte Namur, and going full speed down the Rue de Namur and through the Place Royale, crying out the French were at their heels. The confusion and mischief occasioned by these fellows on the road were incredible, but in the town all was quiet again in an instant.

I then sat down to dinner, in the middle of which I heard a very considerable shouting near me. Jumping up to the window which commanded the lower part of the Rue de Namur, I saw a detachment of our Horse Guards escorting a considerable body of French prisoners, and could distinctly recognize one or two eagles. I went into the Place Royale immediately to see them pass, and then returned to my dinner. Their number was said to be fifteen hundred. In half an hour more I heard fresh shouting, and this proved to be another arrival of French prisoners, greater in amount —it was said five thousand in all had arrived. After this I went out to call on the Marquis Juarenais in the park, rejoicing upon things looking so well, which I conceived to be the case from the recent arrivals of prisoners. I was shown into a drawing-room, in the middle of which I saw a wounded officer of our Foot Guards sitting in apparently great pain. I just heard him apologize to Madame de Juarenais for the trouble he was giving her, observing at the time that he would not be long with them, as the French would be in that night, and then he fainted away.

In going out of the drawing-room into the balcony commanding the park, the first thing I saw was General Barnes's chaise and four going as fast as it could from his own house in the park towards the Porte Namur and of course the field of battle, upon which I went immediately to Barnes's to see what intelligence I could pick up there, when I found a foreign officer of his staff, who had just arrived and had sent off the general's carriage. His information was that General Barnes was very badly wounded, that Major Hamilton\* was wounded but not severely, and that he thought everything was going as badly as possible.

About ten o'clock Hamilton entered the room, and we heard from him that General Barnes had been shot through the body by a musket ball about five o'clock; that Hamilton and the orderly sergeant had put him immediately upon Hamilton's horse; and that in this manner, one on each side, they had walked these twelve miles to Brussels, though Hamilton was wounded both in the head and in one foot. Well, Hamilton had put his general to bed and was then come to give us the opinion, both of the general and himself, that the battle was lost and that we had no time to lose in getting away. Hamilton said he would immediately procure horses, carriages, or anything else for taking us from Brussels. After a very short consultation, however, with Mrs. Creevey, under all the circumstances of her ill-health and helplessness, we determined to remain, and Hamilton returned to his general.

The young ladies lay down upon their beds without undressing. I got into my own and slept soundly till

\* Mr. Creevey's step-son.

four o'clock, when upon waking I went instantly to the front windows to see what was passing in the Rue Namur. I had the satisfaction of seeing baggage, soldiers, etc., still moving *up* the street and towards the field of battle, which I could not but consider as very favourable. Having dressed and loitered about till near six, I then went to the Marquis Juarenais's in pursuit of news. The first person I saw was Madame de Juarenais, who told me immediately that the French were defeated and had fled in great confusion. General Sir Charles Alten, who commanded the Hanoverians, had been brought into Juarenais's late at night very badly wounded, but had left particular orders with his staff to bring or send the earliest accounts of the result. Accordingly one of his officers, who had been on the field about eight o'clock, when the French had given way, and who had gone on in the pursuit as far as Nivelles, had brought all this intelligence to Alten at Juarenais's about three o'clock.

I then returned home, and of course we were all not a little delighted at our escape.

About eleven o'clock, upon going out again, I heard a report that the Duke was in Brussels, and I went from curiosity to see whether there was any appearance of him or any of his staff at his residence in the park. As I approached I saw people collected in the street about the house, and when I got amongst them the first thing I saw was the Duke upstairs alone at his window. Upon his recognizing me, he immediately beckoned to me with his finger to come up.

I met Lord Arthur Hill in the anteroom below, who, after shaking hands and congratulation, told me

I could not go up to the Duke, as he was then occupied in writing his dispatch; but as I had been invited, I of course proceeded. The first thing I did, of course, was to put out my hand and congratulate the Duke upon his victory. He made a variety of observations in his short, natural, blunt way, but with the greatest gravity all the time and without the least approach to anything like triumph or joy. "It has been a deuced serious business," he said. "Blücher and I have lost thirty thousand men. It has been a deuced nice thing—the nearest run thing you ever saw in your life. Blücher lost fourteen thousand on Friday night\* and got so horribly licked I could not find him on Saturday morning, so I was obliged to fall back to keep up my communication with him." Then as he walked about he praised greatly those Guards who kept the farm (meaning Hougoumont) against the repeated attacks of the French, and then he praised all our troops, uttering repeated expressions of astonishment at our men's courage. He repeated so often its being *so nice a thing—so nearly run a thing* that I asked him if the French had fought better than he had ever seen them do before. "No," he said, "they have always fought the same since I first saw them at Vimiera.† Then he said, "By heaven, I don't think it would have done if I had not been there."

There was nothing like vanity in the observation in the way he made it. I considered it only as meaning that the battle was so hardly and equally fought that nothing but confidence of our army in himself as their

\* At Ligny.

† 1808.

general could have brought them through. Nothing could do the conqueror more honour than his gravity and seriousness at the loss of life he had sustained, his admission of his great danger, and the justice he did his enemy.

*From the Creevey Papers, by kind permission of*  
MRS. BLACKETT ORD, SIR HERBERT MAXWELL, and  
MR. JOHN MURRAY.



## COMMENTARY.

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**Page 11.**—It used to be said that Sir John Mandeville wrote an account of his “marvellous adventures” in English in 1356. It is now thought that though an English knight named Sir John Mandeville lived at an earlier date, the compiler of the book which passes under his name was a certain Jean de Bourgogne or Jean à la Barbe, a physician of Liège, who wrote in French, and found his “facts” in the works of William of Boldensele, Friar Odoric, Hetoum of Armenia, and other geographers. Three distinct English translations are extant, all probably made within twenty years before or after 1400.—*Prester John*. In the twelfth century a rumour circulated through Europe that there reigned in Asia a powerful Christian emperor, Prester (or Priest) John. He had broken the power of the Mahometans, and was ready to come to the assistance of the Crusaders. Pope Alexander the Third in 1177 wrote him a letter which he entrusted to his physician, Philip, to deliver in person. Philip, however, never returned from his embassy. When travellers learned that there was no Christian empire in Central Asia, the people still clung to the belief in the existence of Prester John, and fixed upon Abyssinia as the seat of the great priest-king. The popular belief was confirmed by the appearance at intervals of ambassadors at European courts from the King of Abyssinia. Curiously enough, the discovery of the Cape of Good Hope was due partly to the desire of the court of Portugal to open communications with this monarch.—*The great Chan*: the ruler of Cathay = China, or rather: Tartary.

**Page 15.**—*Foin* = thrust.—*Wwood* = mad.

**Page 16.**—*Rede* = counsel.—*Brast* = broke.

**Page 18.**—*Eft* = again.—*Wappe* = lap.—*Wanne* = ebb.

**Page 22.**—*Surveyance* = provision, stores.

**Page 24.**—*Port* = state.—*Knight-banneret*: a member of an ancient order of knighthood which had the privilege of leading their retainers to battle under their own flag.

**Page 27.**—*Pithy* = powerful.—*Glossers* = interpreters, commentators.

**Page 28.**—*Stark naught* = absolutely nothing.

**Page 33.**—*Bastells* = temporary wooden towers on wheels, constructed to enable besiegers safely to approach a town or fort which they designed to attack.

**Page 34.**—*Flix* = dysentery.—*Billmen* = men armed with a species of halberd.

**Page 36.**—*Flux* = dysentery.—*Pix* or *Pyx* = the box or covered vessel in the Roman Church in which the consecrated Host is kept.

**Page 38.**—*Housell* = taking the Sacrament.—*Shrift* = confession.—*Crispin*. He and his brother Crispian were born at Rome, from which place, so the legend runs, they travelled to Soissons about A.D. 303 to preach the gospel. They worked as shoemakers, so that they might not be chargeable to any one. They were martyred, and became the patron saints of shoemakers.—*Battles* = divisions of the army, or battalions.

**Page 39.**—*Carriage* = baggage.

**Page 40.**—*Maligne* = regarded with ill-will.

**Page 41.**—*Hails* = pavilions.

**Page 42.**—*Malls* = heavy wooden hammers.

**Page 44.**—Cæsar entered Rome in September 45 B.C. as the undisputed master of the Roman world.

**Page 46.**—*Sibylline prophecies*. In the reign of Tarquinus Priscus, one of the early kings of Rome, a Sibyl or prophetic woman presented herself before the king and offered nine books for sale. The king refused to buy them, whereupon she went and burnt three, and returning, demanded the same price for the remaining six as she had done for the nine. The king again refusing to purchase, she burnt three more, and then asked the same sum for the remaining three as for the original nine. The king's curiosity was now excited and he purchased the books, after which the Sibyl vanished. The books were kept in a stone chest underground in the temple of Jupiter on the Capitol, and were only

consulted by the officers who had the charge of them, at the special command of the Senate.

**Page 47.**—*Falling evil* = epilepsy, a disease in which the sufferer suddenly falls down without sensation or consciousness: it commonly recurs at intervals.

**Page 53.**—*Doctrine of Epicurus.* This Greek philosopher (B.C. 342–270) believed in the existence of the gods, but held that they did not concern themselves with the affairs of men. See Tennyson's "Lotos-eaters: the Choric Song."

**Page 58.**—*Funeral of Clodius.* Clodius, the famous tribune of the plebs who drove Cicero into exile, was killed in a brawl (52 B.C.) between his followers and those of his personal enemy, Milo. The mob were infuriated at the death of their favourite, and great tumults followed.

**Page 60.**—*Philippi.* After the murder of Cæsar, Brutus spent a short time in Italy, and then took possession of the province of Macedonia. He was joined by Cassius, who commanded in Syria, and their united forces were opposed to those of Octavian (afterwards Augustus) and Antony. Two battles were fought in the neighbourhood of Philippi, B.C. 42.

**Page 73.**—*Commissioner Pett*, afterwards Sir Peter Pett, was one of the Commissioners of the Navy.—*My Lord:* Sir Edward Montagu, Pepys's cousin and patron. He was rewarded for acting so conspicuous a part in the restoration of the monarchy by being created first Earl of Sandwich.—*Waist-clothes* = coverings of canvas or tarpaulin for the hammocks stowed in the gangways between the quarterdeck and the forecastle.—*Princess Royal:* Mary, eldest daughter of Charles the First, widow of the Prince of Orange, and mother of King William the Third.

**Page 74.**—*My boy:* Edward Montagu, son of Pepys's patron; also referred to as *the child*.

**Page 77.**—*The coach* = a sort of chamber in a large ship-of-war, just before the great cabin, generally the habitation of the flag-captain.

**Page 82.**—*Pythagoras*, the Greek philosopher (flourished B.C. 540–510), was the most celebrated teacher of the doctrine of the transmigration of souls.—*Captivity of Algiers.* The pirates of Algiers were for a long time the terror of the Mediterranean, and

made slaves of their captives. Lord Exmouth in 1816 bombarded their capital and extorted from them a treaty by which Christian slavery was abolished. The treaty, however, was soon broken, and further measures became necessary in 1824. Six years after, Algiers surrendered to the French.

**Page 89.**—*Hybernaculum* = winter quarters.

**Page 95.**—*Excubitor* = watchman.

**Page 96.**—*Battle of Tiberias.* At this battle, fought in 1187, Guy de Lusignan, the Christian king of Jerusalem, was entirely defeated, and taken prisoner with a large number of his knights.—*Innocent blood.* It is stated that when Jerusalem was taken by Godfrey de Bouillon in the First Crusade, 70,000 Moslems were massacred, no mercy being shown even to women and children (A.D. 1099).

**Page 97.**—*Byzants* = gold coins struck at Constantinople. Between the ninth and fourteenth centuries they were the chief gold pieces known in Europe. They were worth about nine shillings.

**Page 101.**—*Whet a dagger.* Conrad was murdered by one of the Assassins of Mount Lebanon, who were believed by some to have been prompted by Richard.—*Idolaters.* The Christians were held to be idolaters because they worshipped the Cross.

**Page 104.**—*Perfidious rival:* Philip Augustus of France.

**Page 120.**—*Helluo librorum* = glutton of books.

**Page 129.**—*Nelson's old acquaintance.* The *Santissima Trinidad* had fought at the battle of St. Vincent.

**Page 140.**—Lamb is here writing in the character of Coleridge, who was his contemporary.

**Page 142.**—*Good old relative:* his Aunt Hetty.—*L*—’s *governor.* The allusion is to Samuel Salt, to whom Lamb’s father was clerk. See “The Old Benchers of the Inner Temple.” Strictly speaking, Lamb was presented by Timothy Yeats; but he was a friend of Salt’s, and Salt made himself responsible for the boy’s discharge.

**Page 147.**—At the end of 1808 Sir John Moore, finding his line of retreat into Portugal cut off, determined to retire on Vigo or Coruña. He then conducted his famous retreat over two hundred and fifty miles of difficult country in midwinter, closely followed by a great French army under Marshal Soult. He arrived at Coruña on January 13, 1809.

**Page 155.**—Mysseri acted as interpreter.

**Page 158.**—Dthemetri was the dragoman.

**Page 175.**—The date is 1793. The Committee of Public Safety had begun its sittings on May 27, the principal members being Robespierre, Danton, and Marat. The Committee was soon at deadly feud with the Girondists, who arraigned Marat before the Revolutionary Tribunal. Marat was acquitted, and soon had his revenge. On June 2 a body of 80,000 men demanded, in the name of the Paris Commune, that the Girondists should be arrested. Several of the leading members were sent to prison, others escaped and placed themselves at the head of an insurrectionary movement in the western departments. Twenty-seven assembled at Caen and lodged at the Mansion de l'Intendance.—*While Nobility still was.* All titles had been abolished, and everybody had to be addressed as "Citizen."

**Page 176.**—Jean Paul Marat was born at Neuchâtel in 1743. He studied medicine, and practised for some time in London. He went to Paris when the revolutionary fever was raging, and established his famous paper, *L'Ami du Peuple*. His conduct of this paper brought him into danger, and at one time he had to hide in the sewers of Paris, where he contracted a loathsome skin disease. He rose, however, to power, and became a Deputy to the National Convention, and later a member of the Committee of Public Safety.

**Page 181.**—*Feversham.* Louis Duras, Earl of Feversham, was a French noble who entered the English service under Charles the Second. His incapacity as general was only equalled by his brutality.

**Page 184.**—Ferguson, "the Plotter," was a clergyman of Scottish extraction. He was involved in the Rye House Plot, and expelled from England. He then went to Holland, and instigated Monmouth's rebellion. He escaped after Sedgemoor, and joined William the Third's expedition. Disgusted at his inadequate reward, he turned Jacobite, and took part in the Assassination Plot and Montgomery's Plot. He escaped all dangers, however, and died a natural death in 1714.

**Page 188.**—*Grey: Lord Grey of Wark.*—*Buyse:* an officer who had been in the service of the Elector of Brandenburg.

**Page 209.**—*The prisoners:* the survivors of the attack on the

boats. The troops and others under Sir Hugh Wheeler had been promised a safe-conduct to Allahabad, but a storm of shot broke on the boats in which they embarked for the voyage down the river.

**Page 210.**—Azimoolah was the Nana's prime minister. He was sent to London in 1854 to push his master's claims, and became the lion of the fashionable season, though he did not succeed in his mission.\* On his way home he visited Constantinople and the Crimea, where he swallowed the rumours that were afloat about the decay of England's strength. On his return he stimulated the Nana's hatred and revenge.—*The Nana.* Nana Sahib, or to give his proper name, Seereek Dhoondoo Punth, was a Hindoo of low birth who had been adopted by Bajee Rao, Peishwa of Poonah, the last prince of a great Mahratta dynasty. Bajee, who had been dethroned by the East India Company, died in 1851, and Nana Sahib inherited his private fortune, but also claimed the large pension from the East India Company which Bajee had enjoyed. Lord Dalhousie disallowed the claim, and Nana Sahib was henceforth a man consumed with hatred of the English name. He concealed that hatred, however, and cultivated the society of English people, showering civilities upon them. When the Mutiny broke out he threw in his lot with the mutineers, and evidently planned to build up a great power for himself round Cawnpore. After the massacre, he fled in the direction of the Nepaulese marches and was never heard of again.—*The British were approaching.* Havelock's small force of about 1,000 men had started from Allahabad on July 7. In nine days they marched 126 miles under the Indian sun of July, and fought four actions.

**Page 217.**—*The Eddas*: the source of all Scandinavian poetry.

**Page 222.**—*Thomas Doughty*. This incident has been recently treated by Mr. Alfred Noyes in his epic, “Drake.”

**Page 228.**—Thomas Creevey (1768-1838) was for some time in Parliament, and afterwards Secretary to the Board of Control, Treasurer of the Ordnance, and Treasurer of Greenwich Hospital. “He knew everybody and went everywhere,” and kept a diary for thirty-six years. Portions of this have been published, under the editorship of Sir Herbert Maxwell.